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Midwest Folklore

SPRING, 1958

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PUERTO RICAN CHILDREN'S SONGS IN NEW YORK¹

BY SHULAMITH RYBAK
New York City

1. INTRODUCTION: THE PROBLEM

Walking through the streets of the upper West Side in Manhattan, the author heard the songs of Puerto Rican children which revitalized pleasant memories of her childhood in Costa Rica, where she was born and spent her early years.

Some of these Puerto Rican children's songs which are heard in New York City can also be found throughout Latin America, for they had their origin in 14th and 15th century Spain. Today, many years after the first Spanish Conquistadores landed on the New World, the melodies are still sung and played and have become an integral part of Hispanic American folk culture. This cultural continuity has extended itself not only in time but in space as well; children's songs, lively melodies which fill the urban streets and country lanes of Latin America, are now being sung by Puerto Rican children living in New York City.

These Puerto Rican children have managed to retain elements of their old culture: for example, the group's knowledge of the native play songs, although they have been exposed to an American environment.

It was the writer's aim, in this study, to investigate whether the American environment had brought about lyrical and musical changes in the songs, as well as to investigate total loss of Puerto Rican songs; and to what extent the period of residence of the Puerto Rican children in New York City influenced change and total loss.

As a control for verification of this investigation, the writer used Monserrate Deliz's book *Renadio*,² containing the original Puerto Rican versions of all the play songs studied. The writer then interviewed fifteen Puerto Rican children at the Joan of Arc Community Center (West 93rd Street, New York City). These children were divided into two groups: the first composed of recent arrivals, those who have been here for two years or less; the second composed of those who have resided in the United States for longer than two years. She then noted the variations in the way the songs were sung by the two groups, using *Renadio* as the source for comparing the songs which were recorded in New York to the way these songs are sung on the Island.

The material was recorded on tape as it was sung by the children at the Joan of Arc Community Center.

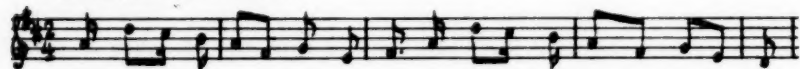
Although this work refers to a musical subject it is the writer's aim, as a student of the social sciences rather than of musicology, to study through the medium of music, the process of culture change.

2. SONGS

Section I—Songs known to all the children

"El Gato y El Raton" was known to several children, but the children only knew the first part of the song, and this part had been greatly changed, both lyrically and musically, from the version given in *Renadio*. The song speaks about a cat and a rat that are going to beat up a shark.

EL GATO Y EL RATON



Ahi vie-ne el ga-to y el ra-ton a dar-le com-ba-te al ti-bu-ron

Version in Renadio

Raton, que te cojo
Que te cogi,
Detras de la mata
De Ajonjoli

Lyrics as Given in Renadio

"The Cat and the Rat"

There come the cat and the rat to beat up the shark
Cat, I can beat you up
And will beat you up
Behind the "Ajonjoli" bush

Version Sung by Children of Both Groups

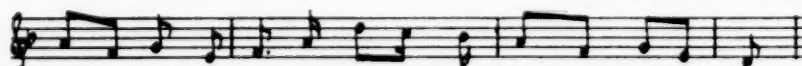
EL GATO Y EL RATON



El que quie-re que ju-gue-mos... El re-cre-o ya lle-go... El ra-



-ton y el ga-to es bue-na... E-se ga-to es ju-gue-ton Ahi vie-ne el



ga-to y el ra-ton a dar-le com-ba-te al ti-bu-ron

Lyrics as Sung by Children of Both Groups

Let us play.
 Recess has come
 The cat and the rat are good
 The cat is playful
 There comes the cat and the rat to beat up the shark

As noted above, this song has been changed, by both groups, from the version given in *Renadio*. "El Gato y El Raton" had adapted an entirely new lyrical and musical version among both groups. The writer has not been able to account for either the lyrical or the musical changes in this song. According to the children interviewed the song was learned on the Island, thus placing the origin of change in Puerto Rico not in New York City. The change was carried over and retained here. The writer is not yet able to determine whether the original version has been completely lost in Puerto Rico. More children must be interviewed before any definite conclusions, on this point, can be made.

"Ambos A Dos"—Both groups sang the same version of this song. There was no change between the version sung by the children and the one in *Renadio*. In this play song each child is asked and chooses an occupation.

Version as Sung by Children of Both Groups

Que quiere ud?
Matarile, rile, rile.
Yo quiero un paje
Matarile, rile ron.
Que oficio le va poner? (2)
Matarile, rile, ron.
Le ponemos cocinera (2)
Matarile, rile, ron.
Te gusta? (2)
Si
Ella dice le gusta (2)
Matarile, rile, ron.

AMBOS A DOS

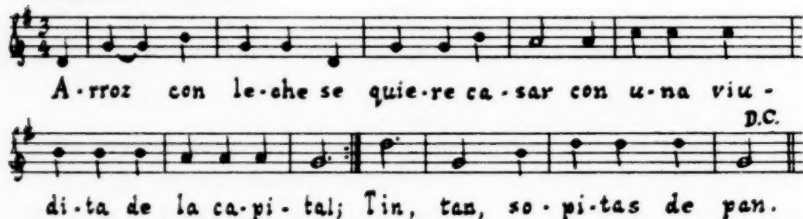
Am-bos a dos, ma-ta-ri-le, ri-le, ri-le Am-bos a dos ma-ta-ri-le, rile, ron

"Arroz con Leche" is a lovely play song and was known to every child of the group. The song has two verses which speak of mar-

riage. They sing it as they go around in a circle. This children's song, like many others, deals with people and symbols more related to a child's fantasy than to real life. For example, in the first verse the prospective groom is "Arroz con Leche" which in Spanish means rice and milk, a cereal common to children. "Arroz con Leche" hopes to marry a widow from the capital who knows how to sew and to embroider. The second verse is sung by a girl, representing a widow who is now looking for a groom, and who finally chooses one of the children as her future husband.

Both the children who have recently arrived and those who have been here for several years sing the two verses as they are given in *Renadio*:

ARROZ CON LECHE



*que sepa coser,
que sepa bordar
que ponga la aguja
en su campanal*

(Sung by girl)

2. *Yo soy la viudita,
la hija del rey,
me quiero casar
y no encuentro con quien;
contigo, sí, (Pointing)
contigo, no
contigo, mi vida,
me casare yo. (Embracing)*
"Rice with Milk"
Rice with Milk want to marry
A widow from the Capital
Tin Tan, Bread Soup (diminutive)
Who knows how to sew
Who knows how to embroider
Who puts her needle
In her bell

(Sung by girl)

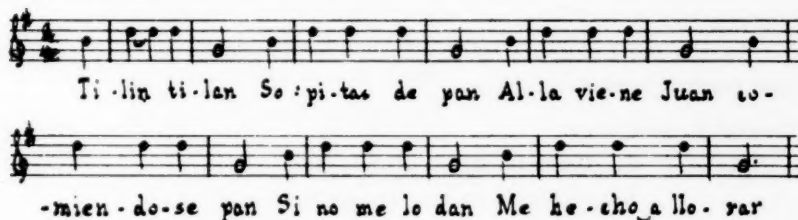
2. I am the widow
 The king's daughter
 I want to get married but I
 Can't find anyone to marry
 With you, yes
 With you, no
 With you, "my life"
 I'll get married.

The two verses are not sung consecutively but are linked by a bridge passage. In *Renadio* (see above) it is:

Tin Tan Sopitas de pan

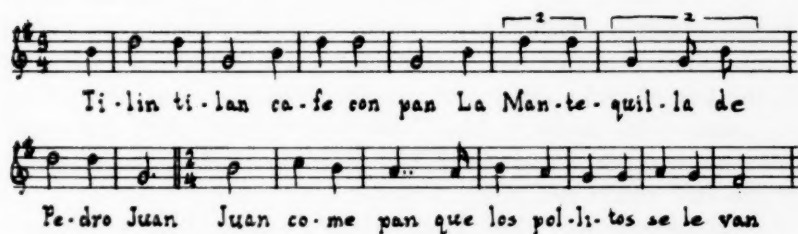
Both groups have augmented the bridge passage. The lyrics of the two versions differ but refer to similar subject matter, a boy named Juan who is eating bread.

Bridge Passage as Sung by Children Who Have Recently Arrived



Ti - lin ti - lan So - pi - tas de pan Al - la vie - ne Juan co -
 - mien - do - se pan Si no me lo dan Me he - cho a llo - rar

*Bridge Passage as Sung by Children
 Who Have Been Here for Several Years*



Ti - lin ti - lan ca - fe con pan La Man - te - quil - la de
 Pe - dro Juan Juan co - me pan que los pol - li - tes se le van

In the version sung by those children who have been here for several years, the bridge passage has not only been augmented, but a coda introducing a new meter has been added.

There is a change of lyrics and melody in the bridge passage by both groups.

Lyrics of the Bridge Passage as Sung by Recent Arrivals

Ti-lin ti-lan Sopitas de pan,
Ti-lin ti-lan bread soup

(In the Spanish version soup is referred to in the diminutive form)
Lyrics of the Bridge Passage as Sung by Several Years Group

Ti-lin ti-lan cafe con pan,
Ti-lin ti-lan bread and coffee

The change from Bread and Soup to Bread and Coffee by the several years group might perhaps have been brought about by a change of diet for this group of children.

The continuation of the bridge passage as sung by the recent arrivals:

Recent Arrivals

Alla viene Juan comiendose pan
Si no me lo dan me hecho a llorar

There come Juan eating bread if they don't give me some I'll begin to cry.

In the version given by the several years group the bridge passage continues in this manner:

Several Years Group

La Mantequilla de Pedro Juan
Juan come pan que los pollitos se le van

Pedro Juan's butter

Juan eats bread that makes the chicks run away.

In this version sung by the several years group we note the introduction of butter which perhaps is more commonly used in the United States. The reference to chicks running away perhaps indicates: 1) the loss of understanding of meaning brought about by the loss of contact with chicks in New York City (chicks don't run away when one eats bread and butter); 2) indication of a symbolic feeling of loss (the chicks run away).

"El Carbonerito" which Deliz calls "La Carbonerita" was known by most of the children. This song is sung while the children go around in a circle. It deals with a coal vender. In the version sung by both groups of children the coal vender is going to the vineyard at Limon. Limon is a place which is mentioned in other Spanish children's songs. ("La Pajara Pinta" in my collection). In other parts of Latin America, Limon becomes Liron and stems from the

Spanish Al Aliron. In Renadio's version the coal vender is on her way to "la vina del amor"—the vineyard of love.

Version Given in Renadio

LA CARBONERITA



2. *Me diras si eres casada,
o si tienes un amor,
a la buena, a la buena, a la vina, na,
a la vina, na del amor*
3. *No senor, no soy casada,
ni tampoco tengo amor,
que soy una nina pobre, bre
que juega con el carbo?*
4. *Si eres una nina pobre
que juega con el carbon
vamos juntos a la vina, na,
a la vina, del amor*

Lyrics Given in Renadio

The Coal Vender (feminine)

Where are you going coal vender (feminine)

Where are you going to make coal?

To the good (2)

To the vineyard (2)

To the vineyard of love.

2. Tell me if you are married

Or if you have a love

To the good (2) to the vineyard

To the vineyard of love.

3. No sir, I am not married

And I neither have a love,

I am a poor young girl

Who plays with coal

4. If you are a poor girl
Who plays with coal
Let us go together to the vineyard
To the vineyard of love.

Both groups knew only two verses for the song. The version sung by the recent arrivals has the same rhythm and melody as the version in *Renadio*. (see above)

Lyrics as Sung by Children Who Have Recently Arrived

Adonde vas carbonerito
Adonde vas hacer carbon
A la vina, na a la vina, na
A la vina, na de Limon.

A tus piez yo me arrodillo
A perderte este perdon
Que me saquen de la carcel
Y me metas a prision.

Lyrics Sung by Recent Arrivals

- The Coal Vender (masculine)
Where are you going coal vender (masculine)
Where are you going to make coal
To the vineyard
To the vineyard of Limon
2. At your feet I kneel
To ask you this pardon
That you should take me out of jail
And you should put me in prison

Version as Sung by Children Who Have Been Here for Several Years

EL CARBONERITO



1. Don-de vas car-bo-ne-ri-to? don-de vas aha-cer car-



-bon? a la vi-ña, ña, a la vi-ña, ña, a la vi-ña, ña, de li-men

2. Yo me hincó de rodillas
A pedirte este perdón
Que me saquen de la carcel
Y te metas tu a prision

Lyrics as Sung by Several Years Group

The Coal Vender (masculine)

Where are you going coal vender (masculine)

Where are you going to make coal

To the vineyard

To the vineyard of Limon

2. I kneel down on my knees

To ask you this pardon:

That you should take me out of jail

And put yourself in prison

In the first part of the song the recent arrivals to this country sing the version which is most similar to one in *Renadio*. Their tune is the same, but they have changed the lyrics of the second verse. (see above) The several years group has altered the meter of the verse. It is interesting to note that the lyrics of the second verse of this version, as sung by the several years group, are very similar to the one of the recent arrivals, however, there is a change.

Recent Arrivals

2. *A tu piez yo me arodillo*

A pedirte este perdon

Que me saquen de la carcel

Y me metas a prision

I kneel at your feet

In order to ask you this pardon

That they should take me out of jail

And they should put *me* in prison.

Several Years Group

2. *Yo me hincó de rodillas*

A pedirte este perdon

Que me saquen de la carcel

Y te metas a prision

I bend down on my knees

to ask you this pardon

That they should take me out of jail

And put *yourself* in prison

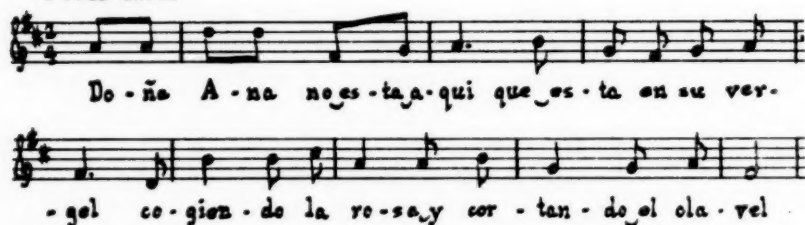
Might the recent arrival version "Take me out of jail and put me into prison" describe the feeling of some of the children who came to New York City with the hope of bettering their lot and instead are once again thrown into dingy, crowded tenements? And might not the several years group version "Take me out of jail and put yourself into prison" describe their longing to get away from the tenements?

The reason for the change noted in the gender of the coal vender, from the feminine gender "La Carbonerita" given in *Renadio* to the masculine one "El Carbonerito" as given by both groups of children, and the change in tone from the romantic one in the version given in *Renadio* to the more somber one, dealing with jail, by both groups, is mere conjecture.

"Dona Ana" is also played in a circle. The children ask several times about Dona Ana's health until someone finally replies that Dona Ana is dead. The children only knew the first part of this song.

Version Given in Renadio

DOÑA ANA



Dona Ana is not here
 She is in her flower garden
 Taking the rose
 And cutting the carnation

The version sung by the recent arrivals is very much like *Renadio's*. The rhythm is the same throughout the song but the melody of the second half has been changed with a very slight change in lyrics to accommodate the change.

*Version as Sung by Children Who Have Recently Arrived***Doña Ana**

The children that have been here for several years have completely altered the rhythm of the words and melody but they have maintained the same meter.

*Version as Sung by Children Who Have Been Here for Several Years***Doña Ana***Recent Arrivals*

*Dona Ana no esta aqui
Que esta en su vergel
Recogiendo la rosita
Y cortando el clauel*

Dona Ana is not here
She is in her flower garden
Gathering the rose and cutting the carnation

Several Years Group

*Dona Ana no esta aqui
Que esta en su vergel
Recogiendo la rosita
Y cerrando el clauel*

Dona Ana is not here
She is in her flower garden
Gathering the little rose
And closing the carnation.

Here we seem to have a second case of the same type of changes noted in the song about the chickens, ("Arroz con Leche").


Closing the carnation might indicate:

1. Loss of meaning which comes from losing contact with flowers.

2. Closing—which also means finishing, losing the carnations, themselves, which is what happened to the poor Puerto Rican children in New York City who have lost contact with flowers.

Section II—Songs known only by recent arrivals

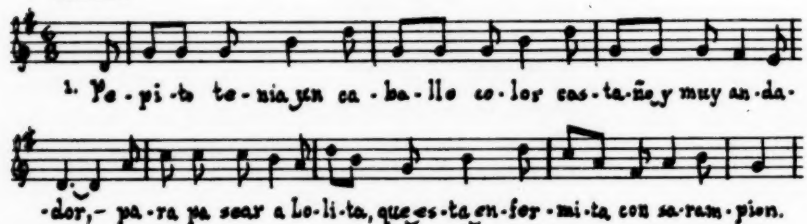
LA PAJARA PINTA



Es - ta - ba la pa - ja - ra pin - ta, sen - ta - di - ta en su ver - de li -
mon; con el pi - co re - co - ge la ho - ja, con el pi - co re - co - ge la flor De s'
un po - si - to a tras con - to da la re - ve ven - cia De
se la me - dia vuel - ta De se la vuel - ta en te - ra

"La Pajara Pinta" speaks about a spotted bird that gathers flowers with her beak. The reference in this song: a bird and flowers might have lost its meaning or perhaps importance to the Several Years Group who have had little contact with nature in New York City while to the Recent Arrivals these references are still very vivid.

PEPITO

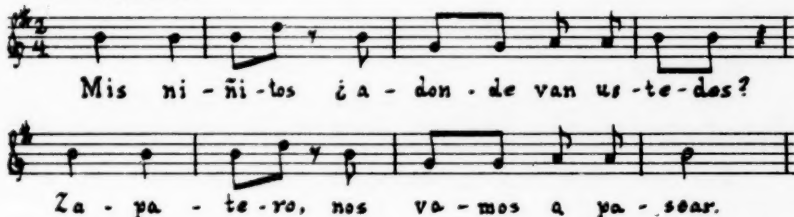


1. Pe - pi - to te - nia un ca - ba - llo co - lor cas - ta - ño y muy an - da -
dor, - pa - ra pa - sear a Lo - li - ta, que es - ta en - fer - mi - ta con sa - ram - pion.

2. *El medico la vista
la probecita llorando esta
Y los amigos le dicen
No llores, Lola
No llores mas.*
3. *En casa de Don Vicente
Se siente gente galan, galan
Y son los amigos de Lola
Que estan pasiando por la ciudad*

"Pepito" deals with a boy called Pepito who has a horse in order to take his friend Lolita, who has the measles, for a walk. In this song we again notice a reference to nature, a horse. The possibilities of a little boy having a horse in Puerto Rico are infinitely greater than for a New York City child. Perhaps that is why this song has lost meaning for the Several Years Group.

EL ZAPATERO



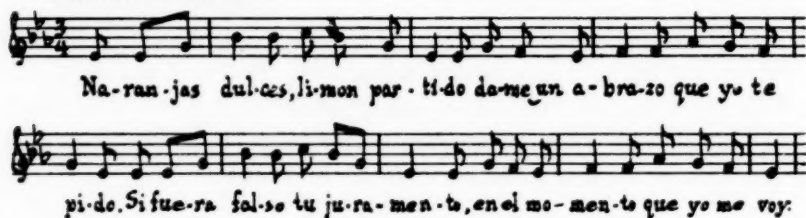
*Mis ninitos, los zapatos se rompen
Zapatero, usted los compondra.*

(spoken) *Y quien los pagara?
El rey de la patita coja,
que cosa . . .*

"El Zapatero" deals with a shoemaker who meets a group of children going for a walk. The shoemaker tells the children that their shoes are going to wear down. Knowing the local shopkeepers whom you meet on the streets in Puerto Rico can perhaps have lost meaning for the Several Years Group who have become used to the aloofness among people in New York City. This song also implies a more relaxed tone of life in Puerto Rico; speaking to people on the street you don't know intimately, while in New York City the child is perhaps taught to speak only to people he knows well.

Section III—Songs known only to children who have been here for several years

NARANJAS DULCES



Na-ran-jas dul-ces, li-mon par-ti-do da-me un a-bra-zo que yo te
pi-do. Si fue-ra fal-so tu ju-ra-men-to, en el mo-men-to que yo me voy.

"Naranjas Dulces" is a song of a romantic nature. It starts off with a reference to sweet oranges and sliced lemon and then it goes on to speak about a lover's vow of loyalty to his beloved. The retention of this song among the Several Years Group might be due to the fact that the reference to familiar fruit is easily understood by these children. The emphasis of a moral value—fidelity which is transmitted on the family level can also be a reason for the retention of this song.

SAN SERENITO

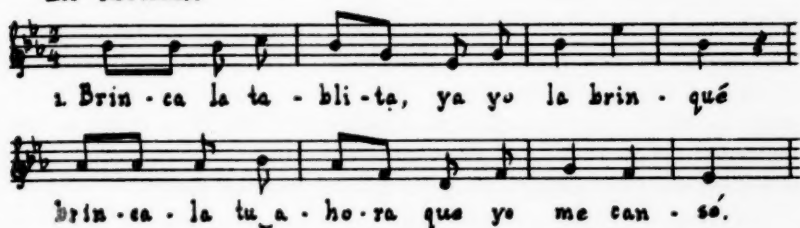


1. San Se-re ni-to, a la, bue-na, bue-na, vi-da ha-cen a-si, a-
si las la-van-de-ras, a-si, a-si, a-si, a-si me gu-sta a-me

2. *San Serenito*
la buena, buena vida,
hacen asi, asi las planchadoras
asi, asi, asi.

"San Serenito" explains to the child how the various occupations are carried out. This song also brings forth a moral lesson—that good life is brought about by hard work. The song's functional value, that of teaching the child the responsibilities involved in the various occupations, which perhaps the mother has often repeated to the child in New York City. The song's religious title, "Saint Serenito" perhaps has played a part in the retention of the song.

LA MUÑECA



2. *Dos y dos son cuatro y
cuatro y dos son seis,
seis y dos son ocho
y ocho diez y seiz.*
3. *Y ocho veinticuatro
Y ocho treinta y dos.
Delante de la Virgen
me arrodillo yo.*

"La Muneca." This song like the previous one involves teaching—in this case the addition system. Perhaps in this case also, the song has been much emphasized on the family level for its educational importance. At the end of this song the religious element is also brought forth: "Delante de la Virgen—Me arrodillo Yo."

I kneel down in front of the Virgin.

3. Summary

In some of the Puerto Rican play songs which were known to all the children, "El Gato y El Raton," "Ambos A Dos," "Arroz Con Leche," "El Carbonerito" and "Dona Ana," we can note changes from the version given in *Renadio*. Changes can also be noted in the way some of the songs were sung by the two groups. In most cases, the versions given by the children who recently arrived were most similar to the ones in *Renadio*. The changes noted for the children who have been here for several years, however, have, in most cases, strayed only slightly from the original, both musically and lyrically. The changes which were noted for this group indicated a loss of understanding of certain aspects of island life, particularly references to rural life: animals and flowers; rather than indicating changes which reflect direct reference to the American environment; for example, introduction of English words and substitution of Puerto Rican place names for American ones.

These observations can be explained, perhaps, as follows: The children who have been living here for several years, lacking contact with nature in New York City, might have therefore lost understanding of these references in the songs. The lack of direct reference in the songs to life in the American environment might be a result of the childrens' tendency to remain within their ethnic group. Equal interest, in the play songs, was noted among the two groups.

The group of songs known only by the recent arrivals, "La Pajara Pinta," "Pepita," and "El Zapatero" have references to nature and to the more relaxed life of Puerto Rico. Perhaps, as we have already seen, in the previous songs the Puerto Rican children who have been residing in New York City for several years have lost understanding of certain aspects of Puerto Rican life; those aspects which deal with nature—flowers and animals; while for the recent arrivals they are still vivid. Perhaps this might be an explanation for the retention of these songs by the recent arrivals and their loss by the children who have been here for several years.

The songs that were known only to the children who have been here for several years, "Naranjas Dulces," "San Serenito," and "La Muneca" have references to moral and religious values. According to Julian Steward,³ the cultural, moral and religious aspects of a culture which are transmitted on the family level are the most difficult to lose in an environment of culture change. Perhaps the songs' reference to these aspects of the culture explains the songs' retention among the children who have resided in New York City for several years.

The writer was unable to find a reason for the loss of these songs among the recent arrivals. Perhaps the songs' popularity, on the island, has diminished with the years.

NOTES

¹ A grateful acknowledgement is made to Dr. Joseph Greenberg, Professor Willard Rhodes, Dr. William Owens, Dr. Morris Siegel, Dr. Charley Wagley, Dr. Bartolome Bover, Maria Luisa Munoz, Edwin Seda, Edwin Haskell, Constance Sutton, Jane Taylor and Merrill Ring.

² Monserrate Deliz, *Renadio del Cantar Folklorico de Puerto Rico* (Spain, 1951).

³ Julian H. Steward, *The Theory of Culture Change*, (Urbana, 1955, University of Illinois Press), P. 62.

WEST VIRGINIA GHOST STORIES

By RUTH ANN MUSICK

Fairmont State College

Fairmont, West Virginia

Since I came to West Virginia (six years ago), I have collected over a hundred (possibly two hundred) ghost stories. In some instances, different variants of the same story have been found, but for the most part this collection is made up of distinct versions of stories which are more-or-less typical of the stories found in several other states.

The following stories are not the most unusual ones I have collected in West Virginia. They represent a run-of-the-mill average of ghost stories generally and include some that are fairly well known in some version in several other states. The "hitch-hiking girl" seems to be especially popular. John Jacob Niles has a particularly dramatic version of this, and I have three versions from West Virginia contributors. The murdered baby's ghost is fairly common, too, as are some of the others.

Most of my ghost stories were collected through students in former classes in folk literature or from readers of my weekly folklore column "The Old Folks Say" which I have been writing for over four years. In every possible instance, always excepting those cases where the informant wished to remain anonymous, I have identified the informant as fully as possible.

THE GIRL WHO HAD BEEN IN AN ACCIDENT.

(Contributed by Doris Summers, former student at FSC.)

The three boys huddled closer together in the car to keep warm. It was a cold night and the snow sifting in under the doors didn't make the boys feel any better. It was late, but the boy at the wheel didn't dare drive any faster because the roads were bad. It was snowing heavily, and the road ahead was barely visible.

One of the boys made a joke and all three started laughing. Suddenly they became silent. On the road ahead was a figure crawling on hands and knees. They stopped the car and jumped out. The figure was that of a girl and she had evidently been in an accident. Fearfully the boys lifted her into the car. Her hands and feet were nearly frozen and her teeth chattered from the cold. There was a wound on her forehead that had dried blood on it.

Greatly concerned for her, they tried to get her to tell them where she lived, but at first she wouldn't speak. Finally she managed a weak whisper.

"I was in an accident," she gasped. "Mason's Lawn. Get me to Mason's Lawn before . . ."

Her voice trailed off here and she did not speak again. One of the boys wrapped his scarf about her. They all knew where Mason's Lawn was. It was a big estate on Morgantown Avenue. They had driven by it many times. The fact that the injured girl might live there surprised them, for they hadn't known old Mrs. Mason had a daughter. It was supposed the old lady lived alone.

The car moved steadily and soon reached Mason's Lawn. As they approached it the wounded girl regained consciousness and became alert. The car came to a halt in front of the huge house. Before the boys could get out the girl muttered a hasty 'thank you' and hurried out of the car. They watched her in surprise as she ran up the walk and went into the house.

"Hey," said one boy, "she's got my scarf."

Puzzled, but tired, the boys went home, determined to return the next day.

Upon arriving in the afternoon they knocked on the door. It was answered by Mrs. Mason who invited them to come in.

"Is your daughter in?" one of the boys asked.

They noticed a decided change in the old lady's countenance.

"I don't understand," she said. "I have no daughter."

Quite a great deal puzzled, the boys began a complete explanation of the happenings of the night before. It made them uneasy to watch the old woman grow pale and nervous. When they had finished she caught her breath. When she spoke her voice was tight and strained.

"My daughter is dead. She was killed in an automobile accident several years ago. This is the fifth time someone has tried to bring her back to me."

THE GHOST OF BILL WHITE'S WIFE

(Contributed by Mrs. Josephine Shriver.)

Quite some years ago, during the "Oil and Gas Boom" in this part of Wetzel County, there lived a family on Rock Camp whose name I shall call the White family. Several children had been born to this union, but at the time these things were happening, they had all married and made homes of their own with the exception of one daughter whose husband had died.

Mrs. White was a hard working woman, doing most of the farm work such as milking, tending to the chickens, raising a truck garden, and canning for the family. Bill was a sort of teamster, did a great deal of horse trading, and was away from home quite a lot. He wasn't very kind to Mrs. White; yet the neighbors said she never complained. Often her relatives would know he had mistreated her, and the children would want her to leave and come live with them, but she wouldn't. The story goes that one day, while out in the yard, when Bill was returning from one of his jaunts, they seemed to get into an argument and he picked up an old chair from under an apple tree and knocked her down. They seemed to have some trouble over affairs Bill had with other women.

One summer Mrs. White took fever and died. Soon after Bill brought home a new bride. The daughter continued to live with them. It seemed she had an interest in the farm. It wasn't long before drillers on a well on the farm began to relate strange happenings they had heard and seen.

Two men were going on midnight turn and some nights she (Bill White's wife) would just appear around the engine house. Another man said in the early dusk he saw her going down through the gate to the barn next to the road. Then the family told of seeing her go from the house to the spring house, but she never seemed to return back to the house again. At night one time, they (members of the family) were in bed and a sound like a great lot of small apples or gravel dumped on the roof was heard. They said on evenings several times while they would be in another room they could hear the noise of someone poking the coal in the cookstove and the rattling of pots and pans. They would get up and go to see what it was, and all they could hear would be the sound of someone moving out of the kitchen door into the darkness. Then the daughter sold out to her father and left.

The barn was down next to the road and people said, when they passed by it at milking time, they would hear the sound of someone milking with both hands, and could hear the sound of the milk going into the pails. But if anyone would go in to investigate, he would find no one.

One evening as Bill was coming in from the field, he got just about under the apple tree. He said she seemed to come right toward him and say, "Here, Bill, is where you knocked me down with a chair." He was so scared he couldn't move, but let out some kind of yell. His wife, hearing him, came running but she could see nothing.

Things went from bad to worse. They had bad luck with their cattle. They did no good. His horses both died. The new Mrs. White didn't have good health. Finally they sold out and left.

The house is still standing and is occupied, but I don't believe they (the occupants) are bothered by the "ghost of Bill White's wife."

THE GHOST OF A TORTURED SPARROW

(Sent in by an anonymous reader of my weekly folklore column.)

More than a hundred years ago, before the Civil War, and when this section was still a part of Virginia, there came to these parts a man from farther south in Virginia with his family, his wife, his son, Caliph, and his mother-in-law. On the east side of the "River-of-Falling Banks," which was the Indian word *Monongahela*, the local river getting its name because the steep mountains along its eastern shores were constantly sliding down into the stream, was a village then known as Palatine. The village was later incorporated under that name, which it retained for many years, until it was incorporated with Fairmont, into Greater Fairmont.

South of Palatine and up the Monongahela River a short distance, the man, whose name was Strode, purchased a steep and wooded tract of land. Across from what is now Fifth Street on the flat below Palatine Knob, and above the Monongahela, he built a log house.

Caliph Strode was as mean a young man as ever lived in these parts. He was cruel to animals and was rude and overbearing. He was disliked heartily by all who came in contact with him. The slaves on his father's farm were terrorized by him. The animals were abused and mistreated.

One cold winter day Caliph Strode caught a live sparrow. He pulled all the feathers off the half dead bird, and then tossed it out into the snow. The bird managed to hop up on a low limb of a tree, where it sat freezing and chirping. When morning came the bird was clinging to the limb of the tree, frozen stiff.

Then Caliph Strode became meaner than ever. He also became very nervous, sullen, and appeared to be afraid. It was not long until he was a raving maniac. His mother, who was a poor down-beaten woman and seldom spoke, told some of the neighbor women that every night when Caliph was sleeping, the frozen sparrow would come to the limb of a tree outside the window of his room and chirp, "Caliph, I'm cold! Caliph, I'm cold!" This would continue until Caliph would awaken, screaming. He moved his sleeping quarters to another room, but it did no good. He sat up all night before the

blazing open coal fire, but when he would doze in his chair, he would awaken screaming again. It was not long until his mind was gone. Until his death he was terrorized by the pitiful cries of the naked and freezing sparrow.

HEADLESS GHOST

(Contributed by Mrs. Ethel Cunningham, as told by Roy Fisher.)

Roy Fisher and two neighbor women, Zona and Opal Hibbs, were going to Mobley to buy their groceries for the week and had started home. When they were almost half way up the Cummins hill a headless man came up over the hill, stopped in front of the team and was waving his hat up and down. The horses reared up on their hind feet, snorted and wouldn't move. Roy hit them across the back, and the team started running and didn't slow down until they were almost home.

Roy asked Zona and Opal if they saw where he (the headless man) went, and they said they saw him go down over the hill again, still waving his hat. He was headed toward Graveyard Hollow when he disappeared.

MURDERED BABY'S GHOST

(Contributed by Mrs. Ethel Cunningham.)

Mrs. Anne Bennett was telling me of a house they lived in, in which the fireplace was haunted. She said every night you could hear a low, baby's voice saying, "Help! Help!" This would continue for about five minutes and then you could see a baby's face that looked as if it were in great pain. Then you couldn't see or hear anything until the next night. (This always started about seven o'clock.)

They decided to tear down the fireplace, take the chimney down, and see if that would stop the mysterious child's cries. They did, and when they got it all down, they found baby bones. They buried them, and never heard a noise or saw a face after that.

Later they found out that a man had beaten his baby to death for crying, and put it in the fireplace to burn, there.

HAUNTED HOUSE

(Contributed by Mrs. Madge Pearce, as told to her by Bayard Sweeney.

It was supposed to have happened near Salem, West Virginia.)

A man was going to the hospital for an operation and, in order to make sure his family was safe while he was gone, he went about nailing down the windows. All at once he seemed to take a mad fit.

He grabbed the hammer and killed his wife. Then he stabbed each of his five children. The neighbors heard the commotion and ran to the house, but he had jumped into a barrel of water and was drowned.

Since the tragedy, no one will live in this house. Children can be heard talking, doors slamming, and loud crashes can be heard as if something were falling. The house is now used for a hay barn.

THE GHOST RIDER

(Contributed by Bette Jane Cole.)

Not so many years ago I remember reading in the newspaper of the town where I was living of a peculiar incident which I shall relate to you.

Hallowe'en came around as usual that year with all the usual festivity that goes with it. Everyone was getting his costume ready for whatever he or she planned for the night, so no one took time to notice a tall, dark woman who wandered the streets that dusk and then stepped into a store and made a phone call.

After a few minutes a taxicab stopped in front of the store and the woman emerged from the store and entered the cab.

Since this was Hallowe'en, the cab driver, like millions of other ones, was a jolly and talkative fellow, and, as the woman seated herself in the cab, he paid no attention to her, but merely said, "Where to?" in a friendly way.

A slim, dark hand passed over his shoulder and handed him a piece of paper, but the woman uttered not one brief word. This did not seem to bother the cab driver, because he knew that when someone was new in town, he usually handed him a slip of paper, telling the address of where he wanted to go.

When the cabbie had reached his destination, out he slid from behind the wheel to open the door for his customer. As he looked in the back of his cab, his eyes widened with astonishment, and fear and confusion filled him with great emotion. What had happened to this woman? Where did she go? Somewhere between where the cab driver had let her in, and the place where he had stopped, she had disappeared.

THE STORY OF "WIZARD'S CLIP"

(Contributed by Mr. Frank Stemple. He says, "This story was given to me by Miss Jessie Trotter, a retired teacher of Shepherd's College.")

About twelve miles south of Shepherdstown, West Virginia, and seven miles west of Charlestown, West Virginia, is a little town called

Middleway, sometimes called Smithfield and often called "Clip." There lived Adam Livingston, who had come from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in about 1790, and had purchased a small farm. About four years later, a stranger of middle age and respectable appearance, appeared and was received as a boarder into the Livingston home. In a few days, the stranger became very ill. He asked Livingston to find a Catholic priest for him, but Livingston refused. The stranger died. His name was unknown. There was nothing among his effects to show anything of his history.

On the night of his death, a man was asked to sit up with the corpse. Queer things happened. Lights went out, strange sounds were heard, and the members of the household were thoroughly frightened. In a few days, matters became worse. The sound of horses galloping around the house at night was heard. Livingston's barn was burnt, and his cattle died. Dishes were thrown upon the floor and broken "with no visible agency." Money disappeared; the heads of chickens and turkeys dropped off. Burning chunks of wood leaped from the fireplace, endangering the house. Soon the annoyances, which were destroying Adam Livingston's peace, assumed a new form. The sound of shears was heard in his house, clipping, in half-moon and other curious figures, his blankets, sheets and counterpanes; his boots, saddle and clothing. This continued for three months.

People for thirty miles around gathered "to see and hear." One old lady testified that before entering the house she took off her good black silk cap, and wrapped it in a handkerchief to protect it. When she left the house, she unwrapped the cap and found it cut into ribbons.

Three young men from Winchester, Virginia, came to spend the night "and to face the devil himself if he were the author of these doings," but as soon as they were comfortably seated, a large stone leaped from the fireplace and whirled around the floor. The young men took to their heels and escaped.

By this time poor Mr. Livingston was almost insane. He appealed to three professed conjurers, but their incantations were in vain. Soon he had a dream in which he saw a man "in robes," and he heard a voice saying, "This is the man who can help you." After many inquiries and much searching, he was led to come to the Catholic Church in Shepherdstown. When the priest appeared at the altar, he proved to be the man of Mr. Livingston's dream. When he heard the remarkable story, the priest, Father Dennis Cohill, laughed and said, "probably some of the neighbors were plaguing him, and he must keep a watch for them."

Mr. Livingston pleaded with tears for help. Father Cohill went to the house, sprinkled it with holy water, received a gift of money, and finally had mass celebrated in the house. This proved effective, and the ghostly visitation ceased.

Mr. Livingston returned to Pennsylvania, but, before doing so, he conveyed the "Clip" property to trustees for the benefit of the Catholic church.

(Addendum by Jessie Trotter)

"When I came to Shepherdstown in 1919, there was a case in court, regarding this property. Some descendants of Adam Livingston were trying to recover the farm of about thirty-four acres. However, the case was decided in favor of the Catholic church. There is now on the property a chapel in which services are held once a year (probably to keep the title secure) on a certain Thursday in August. The chapel is very small; will seat about a dozen people."

FIVE GHOST TALES FROM BOYLE COUNTY, KENTUCKY

BY ETHEL OWENS
Lexington, Kentucky

THE TEMPLE GHOST

There is a house, usually called the old Watson place, on the Mitchellsburg-Perryville road, which formerly had a deep pond near the road, and in front of the house. The pond has long since disappeared, and only an innocent looking stream remains. This pond was once the scene of a tragedy, which happened so long ago that accounts of old residents vary. All agree that once a family named Temple lived there. Some say both sons were drowned in the pond, some maintain that one boy died suddenly and his brother drowned soon after. I don't think anyone knows exactly how it happened.

Both boys were buried on the hillside above. Because his wife brooded over the tragedy, the farm was sold and the family moved away. The pond was drained. Not long after, word came back to relatives of Mrs. Temple's death.

Soon after this the "ghost" began to appear. People passing by the bridge near the old pond would see the figure of a tall woman, in a long black coat and wearing a black hat, leaning in an attitude of grief on a post. She never offered to bother anyone, but always the beholder sensed something unnatural about the tall, bowed figure. Because the figure appeared at the scene of the tragedy, people began calling it "the Temple ghost."

It was nothing unusual for several people to see her at once. Three brothers all saw her at one time. One of them asked her what the trouble was, but the only answer was a burst of heartbroken sobbing.

Most people in the neighborhood believe in her, even if they claim otherwise. For a lark, one enterprising young man attired himself in his mother's black dress and sunbonnet, then slipped through the fields from his home and came up to Mitchellsburg one night from the direction of the Watson place. He soon cleared the square of loafers. There was a group getting drinks from the public well. The spectral figure approached and no one was thirsty any more. Next it ambled toward the usual crowd of loafers on a store porch. Everyone remembered business inside with surprising un-

animity. The local magistrate deputized a group to investigate, whereupon the ghost showed such a surprising burst of speed that only one pursuer could outrun her, and he was going so fast that he collided with a fence that the "ghost," skirts and all, sailed over in true spectral fashion.

Other appearances, however, are not so easily accounted for. One time I was returning from a church Christmas entertainment with a friend. That was in my younger days, and since Mitchellsburg boys sometimes deflated tires when a boy from another neighborhood appeared with a local girl, we had walked from my home. As we passed near the scene, we saw a tall figure in black, head bowed in dejection, leaning against a post. I can't explain just why, but there was something about the figure which made us lower our voices as we went by. As soon as we had passed my friend asked, "What was that woman doing there?"

"Was that a woman?," I answered. "I thought maybe it was someone who had been out hunting?"

"No, it was a woman," he insisted. "I looked at her feet. She had a long black skirt down to her ankles."

"The Temple ghost!" I exclaimed. "Let's go back and investigate."

"What's that?" he asked, walking a little faster.

When I explained, he said, "No, indeed, I'm not going back. And I'm going home the other direction. It's only four or five miles farther."

The present owner of the farm tells me that he was going down the road before it was really light a few weeks ago. After a while he realized that something seemed to be moving down the road at the same pace with him, but over by the fence, sometimes going directly through briars and weeds. His eyesight is very defective and the light was poor, but he made out the form of a tall woman in a long black dress, with a black hat shading her face.

She never looked at him or spoke, but somehow she gave him such an eerie feeling that he was not inclined to open a conversation with her. He was glad to reach his destination and part company with his weird companion.

One man, Mr. Bob ———, a relative of Mrs. Temple, had professed not to believe in any of the tales. One Christmas week he was returning home from Mitchellsburg, perfectly sober despite the season. As he passed the haunted bridge, a tall woman in black came out and started down the road beside him.

Mr. Bob was surprised, but he has the reputation of being a true Southern gentlemen, extremely polite and courteous under all circumstances. So he tipped his hat gallantly and said, "Good evening, madam."

There was no reply. He tried again, politely, "Cold weather we're having, isn't it, madam?"

Still no reply. He began to get a creepy feeling, but he remembered that Mrs. Minor, who was living there at the time, had a sister visiting her. So he inquired, "Are you Mrs. Minor's sister, madam?" The only sound he could hear was that of his own feet on the road.

About that time it struck him as curious that his companion moved so silently. He looked down at her feet, and to his horror saw that, instead of walking, she was floating beside him a few inches above the road.

Again he felt his hat leaving his head, but this time he was not tipping it. He reached up, grasped it firmly, and polite to the bitter end, exclaimed "Goodby, madam!" before hastily leaving the scene.

"Which way did you go, Bob?" he was asked later. "Down by the big bridge or over the footlog?"

"The quickest way, of course," was the answer.

"But if you were going as fast as you say," continued his questioner, "how did you manage to stay on the log?"

"The creek wasn't very deep," Mr. Bob replied with a reminiscent shudder. "Who bothered with a log?"

THE BOBBING LIGHT

This story was told me by a resident of Jefferson County, who had it from her grandmother. This is the story as she tells it.

My grandfather's mother died when he was born, and he owed his life to the care given him by a negro slave who nursed him at her breast. He was always very gentle and sympathetic with his slaves. But he had an uncle, Dick ———, who was very mean to his negroes and treated them very brutally. He had one negro cruelly beaten because he liked to slip away from work, and get into the house and play the piano. I don't know whether that killed him or not, but he died soon after. Anyway, Uncle Dick's house was haunted. You could hear groans and moans day and night, and that piano would go to playing nights without anyone touching it—anyone living, that is.

Soon after Grandmother and Grandfather were married, they went to visit his Uncle Dick. Grandmother didn't know anything about the house's reputation at all. She hadn't heard there was anything wrong with it. Uncle Dick had had several negroes beaten the week before, and one of them had been whipped to death; but she didn't know about that.

Grandmother woke up that night and saw what looked like a little light bobbing about her room. She woke Grandfather and he saw it too. Then Grandmother started to get out of bed. As soon as her feet touched the floor the light started moving away. They both followed it to Uncle Dick's room, where it went in and began moving back and forth just over the foot of the bed. When they called Uncle Dick he sat up and started cursing; then he grabbed a gun and shot at the light. Seemed to hit it too. It jerked up and down real fast a couple of times and began to move out of the room.

All three of them followed it outdoors to that negro's grave. When it got directly over it, it seemed to go right down to the ground and disappear.

Grandmother and Grandfather left the next morning. Grandmother said, kinfolks or not, she wasn't ever going back. Now this really happened, right there on Shakertown Road between Danville and Harrodsburg, in Boyle County, close to the Mercer line. Grandmother always said she would put her hand on a Bible and swear the story was true just as she told it.

DICK'S GHOST—OUR FAMILY HAUNT

While, from personal experience, I accept the existence of supernatural beings, I have not believed in poltergeists or deliberately harmful spirits. Why our house was temporarily haunted by one I cannot explain. The only murder that ever took place near it was years ago, in a tenant house that has long since disappeared. It has no apparent connection with our spectral visitor.

My brother Richard, or Dick, as he is usually called, had just returned from Nicaragua, where he was a member of a marine expeditionary force. He was inured to scenes of violence and not easily frightened.

One night he happened to retire before any of the family. About half an hour later, he came downstairs and demanded, "When are you coming to bed?" of the brother who shared the room with him.

Upon being asked what was wrong, he related a strange story. He was just drifting off to sleep when he heard light steps, as of bare

feet, coming slowly up the stairs. His room door swung open, and the steps came into his room. He raised himself on one arm and asked, "Why are you barefooted?" thinking it to be his brother's step. As he did so, he saw a pair of green glowing eyes about four feet from the floor.

As he started to sit up, the thing threw itself upon him, striking him in the chest and throwing him back upon the bed. Long, tangled hair swept across his face. He succeeded in throwing it off and came downstairs. A thorough search was made, but revealed nothing. Most of us were inclined to dismiss it as a vivid nightmare. That it was not, I was later at least a partial witness.

A few nights after this, it happened that, owing to an uncle's serious illness, only Mother, Dick and myself were at home. I stayed up to read after the others had retired.

Before long I heard a sound as of bare feet padding up the stairs. "Dick must be coming down for something," I thought, "but it certainly sounds as if the feet were going the other way." However, I did not think it worth investigating. In a few seconds I heard the sound of feet again, this time of a heavier person, unquestionably coming downstairs, and coming fast.

Dick burst into the room and demanded if I had heard anything going up the steps. I was forced to admit that I had. He said the green-eyed thing had come into his room again but that he had dodged around it. Would I come with him to search? I went, of course. He took a gun and I a lamp (it was before the days of R.E.A.), but a thorough search of every room revealed nothing whatever.

He put a pistol under his pillow, and we agreed to call each other if anything unusual was heard or seen during the night. I did not feel frightened since only a hallway intervened between our rooms. No other disturbances occurred.

Dick's ghost, as our family has come to call it, has not been seen or heard again, although this was many years ago. But for a long time after, Dick avoided going to bed before someone else was upstairs. This nervousness was sometimes amusing, as when my sleep-walking brother Bryan suddenly awoke in an upstairs room in the midst of a pile of unhulled beans spread out to dry. The terrific noise he made trying to get his bearings in the crackling beans was exceeded only by Dick's vigorous yells for a light.

On a later occasion this trait was slightly embarrassing. Dad and I had gone to church at Mitchellsburg, and as usual, Dad remained talking until everyone else had gone. Then the preacher couldn't

get his car started, so we brought him and his daughters home with us. I put the girls in the spare bedroom and the minister on the bed-davenport in the living room. It was well that we warned him that Dick, who was still out, might go through that room when he came in. Even at that, it must have disconcerted the reverend when Dick, who mistook him for his brother, demanded, "Hey, what in the hell are you doing down here?"

A FOX-HUNTING EXPERIENCE

When Lee Owens was a boy, he and his neighbor, Bob, were fond of hunting and owned several fine fox hounds. Their usual hunting companions were two negroes who lived on their fathers' farms, and who also kept hounds not noted for ancestry but excellent in performance.

One bright moonlight night the four with their dogs set out. The hounds seemed lazy and quarrelsome at first, but after the hunters had reached the nearby knobs they became alert. The boys tied their horses in a small hollow and loosed the dogs, who soon struck a trail. "Dad Sam!" said Wilse, one of the negroes. "That's Old Traveller's bark. He's found something."

The fox led them a long chase, out into the bluegrass country and then back to the knobs again, while the mellow baying of the dogs filled the night with music beloved to a fox-hunter's ears. Finally the fox led them to a gap in the hills near which stood a deserted house. Years before two old people had been murdered there for their money, and their ghosts were said to return nightly in search for their lost fortune.

All fell silent, even the voluble negro "Beeswax"; but finding courage in numbers, the group moved past. But almost immediately the dogs fell silent, stopped, and then, whining piteously, began slowly to retreat. "Dad Sam!" cried Wilse. "Traveller will tackle anything living; he never acted like that before."

Beeswax and the white boys tried to urge the dogs forward, but they continued to retreat until they were in the rear of the hunters, where they remained, tails drooping and crouching abjectly. A little fice remained in front barking viciously for some moments, then he too, tucked his tail and retreated behind the hounds. The hunters turned to retreat also, but just then the moon went suddenly behind a cloud, leaving them in inky darkness, in bushes and undergrowth too thick to make running practicable.

"Ow-oo," Beeswax suddenly moaned. "Dad Sam! What's that now, white folks?" cried Wilse. In front of them all beheld a huge dark object like a hogshead rolling slowly and silently toward them. Despite the thick bushes, not a twig snapped. The white boys did not waste time in replying, but sprang behind the negroes and grasped them by the coat-tails. "Sic 'em, b-boys!" cried Beeswax to the dogs, but the moaning animals refused to obey.

Witse drew a Barlow knife from his pocket. Terrified, but loyal to his white folks even to the extent of facing the supernatural, he exclaimed, "If it comes any closer, Dad Sam, I'll stab it." He raised his arm to carry out his threat, but when the black shape rolled directly in front of them he threw up both arms and moaned "Oo-ooooo."

The object turned at that moment and rolled silently away through thick underbrush. The moon reappeared, and boys and dogs alike beat a precipitate retreat.

Next day Bob rode back to investigate, but saw only a blind horse grazing peacefully near the deserted house.

Both the white hunters loved to tell the story in detail, but if they mentioned it in the presence of their negro comrades, Beeswax would say, "Hush now, white boys! Don't talk about that thing," while Witse would turn an ashy color and mutter fearfully, "Dad Sam!"

A RACE WITH OLD HORNIE

I have heard this story, with slight variations, from several people in the hillier sections of Boyle County. I will try to give it in the language of one of its most graphic narrators, who was born in the mountainous part of Tennessee.

There used to be a hanted house everybody was skeered to go near after dark. Folks said they could hear moanin' and chains a-rattlin'. One fellow said he didn't believe in no ghosts noways, and he wasn't skeered. Said he'd stay there any night for five dollars. Well, the owner of the house wanted the ghost laid, so he told this chap if he'd stay there all night and not leave he'd give him five dollars next day.

Well, this fellow went there, built him up a big fire and set down to wait. Nothin' happened for a while, but finally chains begin to rattle and he could hear moanin' sounds. The chap would have liked to run but he'd done so much big braggin' he knew everybody'd have the laugh on him, so he just set there.

Well, about midnight he looked over fonent the fire-jamb, and there was the devil grinnin' at him—horns, tail, and a foot like a mule hoof. "Well," says the devil, "there's only two of us here to-night, ain't there?"

"Yes," this chap answered, "and there won't be that many long."

And he lit out from there in a big hurry. He run till his tongue was hangin' out and his side hurt and he couldn't hardly get his breath. He hadn't heared nothin' behind him, so he set down under a tree to rest.

In just a minute he heard a twig snap and there was Old Hornie grinnin' at him again, and not even drawin' a deep breath.

"My," said the devil, "that was a good race we had, wasn't it?"

"Glad you liked it," said the fellow, "but if you'll just wait till I ketch my breath it ain't nothin' to what we're goin' to have."

And he tore out from there so fast even the devil couldn't ketch him.

THE RUBY PRINCESS: A KASHMIR FOLK-TALE

BY SOMA VIRA
Boulder, Colorado

Once upon a time a poor shepherd boy lived in a village of Kashmir. His name was Beero. His father was dead, and his old mother was very poor. When she died, Beero was left all alone.

Though Beero never wept, yet his eyes always looked like dark clouds ready to burst in a thousand drizzling drops. With no one to care for him, all day long he wandered all alone.

Once his sheep led him into a dense jungle. Being much tired, Beero sat under a Deodar tree. Sad thoughts enveloped him and he was so much engrossed in them that though the night came, he was not aware of it.

Somewhere a lion roared. Beero looked up. In a frenzy he collected his sheep and started for his home. But the night was dark, and the trees blocked his path. Beero lost his way.

Searching here and there, Beero saw a light.

It was a small cottage, with a stream running nearby. A most beautiful girl was sitting beside the stream, slowly singing a sweet song to herself.

Beero said, "Madam, I am a poor shepherd boy. I have lost my way. Will you please give me shelter for a night?"

The girl smiled and said, "Sure. But tell me why are you so sad."

These sympathetic words brought tears into Beero's eyes. In a few simple words, he told her his full story and then said, "Now, there is no one in this world to help me. I can't think what I should do!"

The girl said, "Beero, I will help you. But on one condition. You will never ask me to marry you."

"I promise," Beero said. "But will you really help me?"

"Sure," she said. "My name is Ruby. Come with me. You must be feeling hungry. First, I will give you something to eat."

Beero followed her without a word.

The next day, Ruby asked Beero to bathe. Then she gave him new clothes and said, "Go to the king's-court. There a jeweller will come to sell some pearls. He shall be having two pearls, one real and the other imitation.

"As soon as the king decides to take both the pearls, say to him, 'Sire, this pearl is not real. Please do not buy it, and if you have

any doubt in my words, call your jeweler. He will tell you the truth.'"

Beero went to the king's court.

It happened exactly as Ruby had said.

The king was pleased. He at once appointed Beero as his Chief Minister, and gave him the keys of his treasury.

The previous Chief Minister lost his job, and he lost his temper also. He earnestly began to think of some way to avenge himself.

One day he went to the princess, and said, "Her Highness, this new Chief Minister is a magician. Listen, the princess of the neighbouring kingdom has a celestial diamond necklace. Why should you not have one too! It will be an easy thing for this magician to manage."

The princess easily believed him.

When the king heard of his daughter's desire, he at once ordered Beero to do her bidding.

Beero felt flabbergasted.

At last he went to Ruby. As soon as he saw her, tears welled up in his eyes; and though he tried to suppress it, a sob broke from his lips.

Ruby asked him the cause of such despair. And Beero narrated the whole story.

She laughed and said, "Oh Boy! Weeping for such a small trifle! Forget it. Come, take your food and rest."

How could Beero rest, with such a heavy burden resting at his heart?

Ruby sat near him and said, "Listen, there is no cause to worry. In the morning, go to the same place where we first met. With the first rays of the Sun, a fairy will come there to take her morning bath. As soon as she enters the water, pick up her clothes and hide somewhere.

"When she comes out, she will search for her clothes. Then come forward. Return her the clothes and tell her all your trouble. She will help you."

The whole night Beero could not sleep. He impatiently waited for the dawn.

As soon as the first glimmer of light encircled the Eastern sky, Beero sprang from his bed and rushed to the stream.

It happened exactly as Ruby had said.

The fairy promised to help Beero.

She dressed herself and then she began to laugh.

She laughed and laughed, and as she laughed beautiful diamonds dropped from her mouth.

Beero was pleased. Collecting all the diamonds, he thanked the fairy and rushed back to Ruby.

Ruby took up her needle and thread, and soon the necklace was ready. Singing and dancing, Beero went to the palace.

The princess was pleased with the necklace. She thanked Beero profusely and when the king came, she asked him to give Beero something for the service he had done.

Beero got the king's necklace, and a small, lovely palace.

But he got many more enemies too.

They fumed and foamed and plotted secretly.

The king's barber also joined the plot.

He went to the king and said, "Sire, your Chief Minister Beero is a magician. That is why he is able to fulfill all your wishes. Tell him to bring a message from your dear departed father. It will be quite easy for him."

The next day when Beero came to the court, the king said to him, "Beero, I am facing a very serious problem. I hope you will help me."

"Command, Your Majesty," Beero said, "I will do my best to do your bidding."

"Go to the heaven; and bring a message for me from my father." The king said.

Beero could not believe his ears.

But the king was looking expectantly at him for an answer. Beero collected his wits and said, "Sire, give me a little time to think. I haven't ever gone to the heaven yet; and I want to consider whether I will be able to make this journey or not."

The king said, "Well, bring an answer tomorrow. And if you fail to do so; wherever you may hide, my spies will find you and you will be hanged."

Beero went to his only friend and said to her, "Ruby, I am doomed. Now no one can save me. Not even you."

Ruby asked him what the matter was.

Beero told her the complete story.

Ruby smiled and said, "Fie! Feeling worried for such a small trifle? Go, tell the king you will gladly obey his orders."

Beero could not believe his ears.

He looked at Ruby and Ruby said, "Tell the king that the way to the heaven is long and it will cost a great deal. So he should give

you half of his kingdom. Tell him also that you will try to return within six months. So he must wait up to that time for your return."

Beero thought now even Ruby was tired of him and to get rid of him she was giving this advice. But he had no other alternative. The next day, he went to the king and repeated to him what Ruby had said.

The king at once accepted his conditions. With half of his kingdom, the king also gave him half of his treasures.

A date was set for Beero's departure. Carpenters began to work on a huge pyre of wood.

Beero came to his friend to say good-by.

She gave him a carpet and said, "Keep it with you. When they set fire to the wood, step on it and it will bring you back to me."

Beero didn't believe her this time. Nevertheless, he took the carpet and returned to the court.

The day arrived. People came from far and near to see their Chief Minister going on an extraordinary journey. The king also came, and Beero mounted the pyre.

He closed his eyes and remembered his God. Then to be a bit more comfortable he spread the carpet and sat on it.

The pyre was set to fire. As the flames spread, the heat became unbearable, and the people began to back up.

Beero felt the heat. The flames were coming nearer and nearer; the carpet was getting hotter and hotter, Beero closed his eyes. Suddenly he felt a motion. He opened his eyes and found himself flying.

The carpet brought Beero back to the jungle, but everybody in the crowd thought Beero had flown to the heaven.

Ruby welcomed Beero with a cheerful smile.

Beero knew not what to say.

For six months, he lived happily with Ruby.

On the first day of the seventh month, he got up early and prepared to go to the court.

Ruby gave him two apples and a letter, and said, "Give these to the king, and praise him that he gave you an opportunity to visit the heaven."

The apples were made of Ruby and Gold. The letter said:

My dear boy,

Here in heaven, I have got all the comforts, and I am quite happy. Yet, I feel the necessity of having my Chief Minister and my barber. I miss them very much. I shall be very glad, if you could send them to me as early as you can.

P.S. Send them the way you sent Beero. That's the quickest way.

Your loving father.

The king read the letter and said, "Beero, you have done a good job. You deserve the hand of my daughter. But, first, let me fulfill the wishes of my dear father."

Beero said, "Your majesty, listen to me . . ."

"Afterwards, Beero, afterwards," the king said. "There is no time to talk now. Father wants his minister and barber. If we delay, he will get angry. Be quick. Order that a pyre should be prepared at once. Nay, wait. I will order it myself."

A pyre was prepared at once.

The minister and the barber could say nothing. They had to ascend the burning pyre and in a few moments they turned into mere ash.

Beero said to the king, "Your Majesty, I am much honored that you think of me as a suitable match for the royal princess. But before accepting that honor, I want to take permission of my friend."

The king had no objection, so Beero went to Ruby.

"Ruby," Beero said, "You made me promise that I will not ask you to marry me, and . . ."

"And you have kept your promise well," Ruby said with twinkling eyes. "Do you want to break it now?"

Before Beero could say anything, Ruby again said, "Because, if that is your intention, you have the permission to do so."

Beero's face lighted up with an inner light, but instantly clouded again.

Ruby could not understand why.

Beero told her the king's proposal and said, "Now, Ruby, what should I say to the king?"

"Why! Marry the princess, of course," Ruby said.

"Now, Ruby don't be so cruel."

Ruby smiled and said, "Don't be foolish, Beero. I am only a poor jungle girl. I absolved you of your promise, because you had kept your word, and I could see what an honest boy you were. But this doesn't mean . . ."

"That I should marry the princess, just to please you," Beero said. "Listen Ruby, till today, you were the mistress, and I obeyed you. But from today, I am the master, and you will have to obey me."

Ruby wanted to say something, but Beero closed her mouth with his hand and said, "Listen, Ruby Princess, what do I care for other princesses when I have my own princess with me?"

Ruby lifted up her eyes and kissed the hand that touched her lips.

BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICAN REGIONAL LORE

Cuentos españoles de Colorado y de Nuevo Méjico. (Spanish Tales from Colorado and New Mexico). Juan B. Rael. (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1957.) 2 vols.: xvi, 449; xv, 819 pp. Paper \$10.00.

North central New Mexico and south central Colorado contain a stable Spanish-speaking population which has lived there almost uninterruptedly since the end of the sixteenth century. Juan de Onate led the first settlement of colonists from northern Mexico in 1598 and, except for the years 1680 to 1693 when Indian uprisings made the colony untenable, the traditional life of this area has borne a distinctive Hispanic stamp. Until the arrival of the Anglo-Americans in 1848, this frontier country was geographically remote and relatively free from contact with non-Hispanic peoples. The firm roots which it set out during that time have enabled its traditions and distinctive folklore to survive despite the influx of a numerically large English-speaking population.

The folk tale has shown enormous vitality there, as indicated by the activities of several diligent collectors. As long ago as 1911-1914, Aurelio M. Espinosa published a total of sixty-four stories in the *Journal of American Folklore*¹ and the *Bulletin de Dialectologie Romane*.² In 1931 his son José Manuel Espinosa collected 114 tales which appeared in 1937 as *Spanish Folk-Tales from New Mexico*, volume XXX of the Memoir Series of the American Folklore Society. Professor Rael's two thick volumes contain the bulk of his collection of 518 tales from New Mexico and Colorado, representing the results of field work in two periods, in 1930 and again in 1940. He has omitted thirty-nine tales which are duplicates of folk stories which are already in print, so that the volumes present a total of 489. Of these, the first 111 have previously appeared in the *Journal of American Folklore*.³ Folklorists are indeed indebted to Professor Rael, whose tireless endeavors have made available this outstanding body of texts.

Affiliation with the folk tale of the type traditional in Europe is particularly apparent. Rael himself comments upon this (I, 2) and A. M. Espinosa confirms the predominantly European origin of the tales in his survey "Spanish and Spanish American Folk Tales" (*JAF*, LXIV, 153). Of the 489 tales published, 299 are types listed and classified in Aarne-Thompson, *Types of the Folk-Tale* (Helsinki, 1928) and 222 have versions in Espinosa's *Cuentos populares españoles*

(3 vols. Madrid, 1946), while 82 are listed by Ralph S. Boggs, *Index of Spanish Folktales* (Helsinki, 1930). Some tales appear in all three works, while others, because of their subject matter and philosophy, are undoubtedly of Hispanic origin, although they do not appear in the standard works. The collection reveals the retention and active narration of traditional tale types of an Hispanic cast, with a satisfying number of versions of each. The riddle tale in several types is well represented in Nos. 1-23. There are multiple versions of types or groups of related types such as "Cinderella," "John the Bear," "The Magic Flight," "The Children and the Ogre," and "The Frog Princess." New Mexican Hispanic oral tradition contrasts sharply in several respects with that of its Anglo-American neighbors. The latter contains relatively few tale types such as those mentioned above. Rather, humorous tales and anecdotes, particularly tall tales, abound. In Rael's volumes only four tales (Nos. 514-517) can be considered as of the tall variety, related as actual experiences. Similarly told are tales concerning witches (Nos. 498-512), frequently characterized by the transformation of the human into animal form, as in some forms of Mexican belief in the *nagual*.

The cycle of tales concerning the roguish Pedro de Urdemales is represented in fifteen versions. Otherwise, there is not a great number of numskull stories. Mexican informants to the south of the border love to ascribe such motifs to residents of the town of Lagos de Moreno in the state of Jalisco. Apparently there is no similar community in New Mexico and southern Colorado, although Rael's story 442 is laid by Mexicans to natives of Lagos. While hearing confession, a priest asks an ignorant man "Where is God?" The man thinks God is lost and departs hastily so he will not be called upon to find Him. One notes two stories (Nos. 323, 436) about a clever but frequently earthy character Don Cacaguate 'Mr. Peanut,' in which assimilation of Anglo-American customs and habits, including language, is apparent. Don Cacaguate is the subject of a whole cycle of short tales among bi-linguals in southern California, although such stories are told even in central Mexico. However, relatively few anecdotes, perhaps a half-dozen, clearly reveal an Anglo-American origin.

In the scholarly treatment provided in the notes (II, 607-816), the primary concern is with tale types rather than with motifs. Rael cites parallels with tales found in the collection of José Manuel Espinosa mentioned above and A. M. Espinosa's standard collection of Spanish tales, *Cuentos populares españoles*, as well as Aarne-Thompson and Boggs. Further reference is made to smaller works

containing New Mexican tales cited in the bibliography (II, 817-819). Before the final publication of this work, Rael generously made the manuscript available to other scholars. Consequently there are detailed references to many of his tales in the second and third volumes of Espinosa's *Cuentos populares espanoles*. Motifs are not indicated in the work being reviewed, no doubt because the inclusion of such a classification would have added considerably more bulk to the already sizeable volumes. Apparently Stith Thompson in the second edition of his *Motif-Index of Folk Literature* (Bloomington, Ind., 1955-58) has not made extensive use of this collection, for references to this source certainly do not abound, although Thompson indicates (I, 13) that Rael's studies were one of his sources of motifs. The amount of material remaining to be classified by motifs is considerable. The very size of the collection has limited Rael somewhat in the use of his scholarly apparatus. His treatment within these bounds is careful and competent.

In a work of this nature, the policy of editing is of interest. Rael states that in a few cases he has eliminated certain repetitions of incident in some of the tales. Otherwise all were transcribed verbatim directly from the lips of his ninety-eight informants, preserving any deviations from standard speech. There are a few slight changes of editing, principally of spelling, in the first 111 tales from the versions which appeared in the *Journal of American Folklore*. These changes are definitely for the better. In Rael's texts, one who has recorded tales by mechanical devices will miss the frequent insertion of the Spanish words *pues* and *entonces* 'well,' 'and so,' of slight lexical value, used when the informant fumbles for the next phrase, yet attempts to keep the thread of the narrative alive; likewise the repetitions and lapses of incident which plague the nervous informant before the microphone. Rael's tales, naturally, are presented in Spanish and although the editor preserves the principal features of New Mexican pronunciation and vocabulary, the stories should not offer difficulty to one who has a fair command of Spanish. As a last resort, the reader can fall back upon the notes, which contain a summary of each tale in English.

Two points of significance are immediately apparent here. First, Rael has made available to folklorists the largest single collection of tales from any area of Hispanic America. No other body of texts approaches it in volume or in variety. Second, he has furnished a well-rounded picture of the oral narrative as related in the northern outpost of Spain's dominion in America, a territory which has preserved its ties with Hispanic tradition throughout more than three

centuries. In the realm of the folk tale, no other geographical section of this continent has been explored as carefully as New Mexico. Rael's devotion and perseverance in collecting and publishing these texts should serve as a stimulus to workers elsewhere in Hispanic America to provide more detail and a clearer focus upon the genre in that area.

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NOTES

¹ "New Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore," *JAF*, XXIV (1919), 397-444; XXVII (1914), 105-147.

² "Cuentitos populares nuevo-mexicanos y su transcripción fonética," *BDR*, IV (1912), 97-105.

³ "Cuentos españoles de Colorado y de Nuevo Méjico," *JAF*, LII (1939), 227-323; LV (1942), 1-93.

The Folklore of Maine. By Horace P. Beck. (Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1957). xvi + 284 pp., with Index. \$5.00.

This is the first book by Horace P. Beck, a tremendously enthusiastic and talented collector-scholar. It deals with the subject Beck loves best of all, Maine—the land of Canadian weather, evergreen seas, craggy soil, and craggier natives. It is a "selection of tales, beliefs, superstitions, songs, and customs of people of English-speaking stock." And it is a completely enjoyable and successful volume.

Men from Maine have spread throughout America, settling in the Northwest, the Southwest, the Middle West, and sailing everywhere. The folklorist, whether a specialist in New England or not, will find much to make use of in a regional study of the most northeasterly of our states. *The Folklore of Maine* is in no way trite or secondary. Almost all the folklore in it was collected by Beck himself in the 1940's and early '50's. The commentaries are sociologically sound and fresh. The selection of material has been done with a full knowledge of American folklore, Maritime lore, Indian lore, and Maine's role in fusing the three. There are some fine texts of rare songs, such as "The Old Redskin," and of well-known songs like "The Flying Cloud." There are a good many tales, local legends being particularly well illustrated. And there are a huge number of superstitions and beliefs.

Beck has, however, been wise not to attempt a complete survey of Maine's folklore. Rather he has concentrated on incorporating

"songs, stories, and other major aspects of folk culture into a historical setting that one may see the folk record of history through the centuries, the growth of some aspects, the preservation of others, and the destruction of still others." As he tells us in his "Introduction," he has attempted not only to give an accurate picture of the regional lore, the fishing, mining, Indian, or lumbering material, but also to show the manner in which such material both separates Maine from and unites Maine to the rest of the United States and Canada. The result is a book that might well be copied in state after state and that can take its place beside Harold Thompson's *Body, Boots, and Britches* and Richard Dorson's *Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers* as models of what the regional study should do.

Beck, I know, was concerned about what might happen to his manuscript after the publishers had finished fitting it for the trade market. It is certainly to his credit and to the credit of Lippincott's taste that the book is as appealing and yet scholarly as it is. There is none of the commercial sentimentality that keeps creeping into the work of a R. P. T. Coffin and other professional "Maineacs," none of the mawkish antiquarianism that makes some regional studies read like the recipe page in the rotogravure. *The Folklore of Maine* is as genuine as a Sarah Orne Jewett story, and one relaxes in the honesty and sincerity of the author.

Maine is an isolated, slow-changing state. To one who grew up in Southern New England, to enter it (where it is not commercialized) is to return figuratively to Lord Dunsany's "Shoreham of fifty years ago." In its reticent way, though, Maine must eventually go as the country goes. Beck says he writes in the "afterglow of a bright day that is done." It is good he has been able to "put on canvas," as it were, what so many who knew an older New England are nostalgic for.

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"Whale Off!" *The Story of American Shore Whaling*. By Everett J. Edwards and Jeanette Edwards Rattray, (New York: Coward-McCann Inc., 1956) xxiii + 285 p.

Actually this is not a new book, but a handsome reprint of a work that appeared in 1932 and, from internal evidence, seems to have been written sometime prior to that date—if the references to "bootlegging" mean anything. Further, it is not one book but rather a mating of a booklet and a pamphlet to produce a rather

disjointed offspring, for the two sections are printed with but little regard for what the other contains; hence there is much needless repetition.

Part One is largely the reminiscences of an old Long Island whaler who intersperses a narrative about taking whales from the Long Island shore with a liberal smattering of information concerning everything from duck shooting, watermelon eating, and trespass to "bunkering" (seining menhaden), snow storms, and the condition of island roads a century ago. The authors add to this further remarks about hoisting whale boats through hotel windows, the sterling qualities of the Puritans, the kindness of whaling skippers, and a few other things, plus an illustration of several men rowing a whaleboat in what appears to be a cow pasture.

Part Two consists of a rather hasty, survey of whaling procedures, mainly as they effected New York state and more particularly those aspects that concerned themselves with shore whaling on Long Island—particular concern being given to materials that pertained to one town and its immediate neighborhood. Considerable ado is made of the fact that Long Island was a whaling center before, and after, Nantucket and that a Long Islander named Loper might have taught Nantucketers how to whale but didn't. Instead, he married the daughter of Lion Gardiner.

Certain things are not made overly clear in the book. The part that the Indians played in whaling—despite a chapter on the subject—is vague. It is implied that the natives learned the trade from the English. Yet Gabriel Archer stated in the early part of the seventeenth century that the Indians around Nantucket (take note) taught "ye English" how to take whales. The book strongly suggests that whales were first hunted off the shores of Long Island by the Dutch yet the patent granted to Captain John Smith in 1614 ordered him to "make tryal for whales" in New England, which he did with little success. The authors further point out that New Bedford people never hunted whales from the beach, quite overlooking the fact that New Bedford is located at the head of a shallow estuary that empties into Buzzard's Bay, an area where whales would be unlikely to penetrate.

As a book on a phase of Long Island past life *Whale Off* is excellent, but as a history of "shore whaling" it is valuable only in the respect that it touches on an occupation which has been all but overlooked by most chroniclers of Leviathan hunters. Indeed, the stark narrative of old Captain Edwards with its many asides and its

occasional use of dialect makes an admirable picture of an era long past on Long Island.

One cannot but wonder, when books on whaling are all the rage why no one has taken the time to explore more fully the history of on-shore whaling. What part did the Indians actually play in the drama? We know that the natives of Nantucket, Block Island, and the Elizabeth Islands were whalers and that the Indians around Barnstable were given certain privileges not accorded to others of their like because of their efficiency in beach whaling. It is interesting too, to note the similarity between the Yankee whale boat and the native canoe—the fact that Archer tells us that the natives hunted the whales in canoes manned similar to the later Yankee whale boat.

This is but one phase. What about the whaling that was carried on sporadically all along the coasts of North America, not just at Wainscott, wherever whales appeared with sufficient regularity not to be considered as odd sea monsters. Twenty years ago a school of whales stranded themselves in the harbour at No Man's Land. The Indians at Gay Head took to their boats and journeyed nearly twenty miles to salvage the "case oil." More recently a school of "black fish" stranded themselves in southern Rhode Island. Within a very short time trucks arrived and hauled them away to a processing plant at a tidy profit. And whales are still stranding themselves on the shores and beaches all along the coast. Years ago when the creatures were more numerous this was a frequent occurrence. At a time when money was hard to come by and almost every part of a whale had some value the salvage and capture of these creatures was not always peacefully accomplished. Here again one can find volumes of material—material that is hinted at but not expanded in *Whale Off*.

All along the coast there are legends of whaling from the beach that still need to be collected. On the island of Cuttyhunk, for example there is a tale extant about the old captain who retired from whaling to end his days rocking on the porch of his ample home while he surveyed the sea. One day a whale appeared and before the astonished family could grasp what was going on the octogenarian, had hobbled to the harbour, grasped a swordfish iron, jumped into a dory and gone in pursuit of the animal. The old skipper came alongside, stood up, and drove the iron home with all his strength, having first belayed the warp to a thwart. The last time anyone on the island saw Captain Veeda, he was seated on the after thwart of the dory, beard streaming behind him as he was towed offshore at a furious pace. Three days later a Block Island

boat returned the old man, the line having finally chafed through just as the whale was passing Old Harbour in his headlong flight to parts unknown. Far from being contrite, the old man was disgusted. If only the line hadn't parted!

It must be stressed that *Whale Off!*, despite many meagre excursions into the technical aspects of whaling, is primarily a sentimental journey backward into the days of long ago. It is a memory of another Long Island and another kind of Long Islanders. It is not a treatise on the shore whale fishery. Yet the seeds of a book on this topic are already planted in *Whale Off!* It is to be hoped that some day someone will nurture these seeds and produce a book on this phase of whaling to equal Stackpole's *Sea Hunters*.

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Horace P. Beck

Old Dutchess Forever! The Story of an American County. Henry Noble MacCracken. (New York: Hastings House, 1957). 583 pp. \$4.95.

This book is an exhaustive history of Dutchess County, New York, from its initial stirrings during Revolutionary times to its separation from Putnam County in 1812. Every available document is commented upon, excerpted, or included in toto.

A book which catalogues so faithfully folk life, as well as "non-folk" life, should be rich in folk lore. Yet this one is not. Perhaps the author adhered too faithfully to factlore. Nevertheless, buried in the pages are numerous nuggets which are interesting and valuable to the student of New York as well as American folklore. The title of the book was the customary toast at Dutchess County banquets during the Revolution. There are interesting comments on place-names. Poughkeepsie, for example, does not mean "safe harbor," as historians have asserted. Rather the name comes from the Algonkian "Pakacincg," or "Pooghkepesingh," as it was corrected in English. There is much fascinating lore about Major André, the spy. There are Revolutionary ballads, and folkloristic ballads that before they died out probably were authentic folksongs. There are short tall tales.

This volume obviously then belongs in the folklorist's library, though it will undoubtedly be placed on the history shelf.

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New York City Folklore. Edited, with an introduction, by B. A. Botkin. (New York: Random House, Inc., 1956.) PP xix + 492. \$5.00.

The subtitle to Dr. Botkin's latest anthology reads: *Legends, Tall Tales, Anecdotes, Stories, Sagas, Heroes and Characters, Customs, Traditions, and Sayings*. And he has gleaned, from diverse sources, all this and much more. For the historian, he has garnered many facts about this greatest of all cities, and for the folklorist, there is the *fancy*—the embroidery of facts indulged in by even so sophisticated a folk as those who populate the world's most important city.

Dr. Botkin's sources are almost entirely secondary. Little of his material comes directly from informants; rarely, in this huge volume, can we find the words of a 'folk' story teller, or 'folk' singer, presented to us as spoken or sung by the city 'folk' themselves. The overwhelming bulk of his material has been quoted from ". . . journals, diaries and memoirs to newspapers and magazines, including gossip columns, feature stories and letters to the editor; from guide-books and travel books to individual works and collections dealing with special phases of New York City life; from ephemera and collectanea of all kinds to studies in literature, history, politics and economics."¹ But this listing of Dr. Botkin's sources should not be taken as derogatory criticism of his methods. Indeed, it is to his credit as a 'modern' folklorist, and one of the few who has done any serious work on the folklore of the city, that he recognizes that authors and journalists are themselves 'folk'; if they have the added ability of being able to express themselves succinctly and interestingly in writing, this in no way lessens the value to folklorists of the stories and anecdotes that they pass on to us. And if change is the heart of folk tradition, then certainly the changes they have made in the material as a result of their literary ability and creative expressiveness is no less valid than the changes made by a less literate or expressive 'folk.' There will be many readers of this book, including this reviewer, who will take some of the stories and anecdotes in this book and start them on a new round of oral circulation, and listeners to these bits of city folklore will be no less emotionally effected by them, and desirous of repeating them, because their source was the printed page.

The material itself is a delight to read. In a section entitled "Twenty-Four-Dollar Island," we are told the facts and fictions concerning the purchase of Manhattan from the Indians by the Dutch settlers, and of the interesting characters who inhabited the

island during its early history. Later chapters tell of the customs and people who made the island what it is today. Here, both the great and small have their stories told; from the Astors and the Morgans, to street mendicants and taxicab drivers, we are reminded of the vast amalgam of incidents and personages which combine to make New York, at one and the same time, the cultural and financial center of the world and greatest 'hick' town of them all. Politics, finance, mercantilism, outlawry, and just plain living all come in for their share of boosts and knocks. Park Avenue and the Bowery, snobs and lowlife, churches and police stations, confidence men and their victims, the well-tutored and the illiterate, the starry-eyed and the realists all have their 'day in court.' And New York comes off the better for it.

It should be noted that the 'New York' referred to by Dr. Botkin is Manhattan, ". . . the heart of the city and the 'New York' of common usage."² If he has mentioned the other boros only in passing, it is all to the good, for each of them (especially Brooklyn and The Bronx) deserve entire books of their own. Certainly many volumes may be devoted to the various ethnic groups which make up the city's vast population. The editor has chosen to place the book's emphasis on the homogeneity resulting from its diverse elements, rather than the heterogeneity thereof.

Dr. Botkin has made few omissions. But one area of folklore has been neglected. Nowhere does the editor mention the stories and songs (and traditions) of the many institutions for learning (both higher and lower) found in New York. Certainly students tales and ditties concerning instructors, principals, school life generally, and the city itself, make up some facet of the busy city surrounding these schools.

B. A. Botkin's contributions to folklore are immeasurable. *New York City Folklore* is a worthy addition to his long list of prior contributions. He has been called a "popularizer" of folklore (there are some who have used this reference derogatorily); the future study of folklore and its cultural contributions to our society depends, in no small part, upon such popularization.

NOTES

¹ B. A. Botkin, *New York City Folklore* (New York: 1956), Introduction, p. xvi.

² Botkin, *op. cit.*, p. xvi.

Ukrainian Canadian Folklore and Dialectological Texts. J. B. Rudnycky. (Winnipeg: Published by the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, UVAN of Canada, 1956.) 280 pp. \$3.00.

This book contains Ukrainian Canadian tales, proverbs, anecdotes, folksongs, and recollections of the first Ukrainian Canadian pioneers. Included are those of the Ukrainian Canadian "patriarch" Wasyl Eleniak, who died a year ago as first Canadian of Ukrainian descent to receive Canadian citizenship in 1947. The texts were collected during 1953-1956 in Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The author received grants in aid of research from the Humanities Research Council of Canada in Ottawa and from the Research Fund of the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg which enabled him to visit several Ukrainian Canadian settlements in Western Canada in order to record the material. The texts are noted with many dialectal words and forms, revealing the peculiarity of the Canadian Ukrainian dialect which is very often influenced by the English usage (the author gives a special Canadian Ukrainian dictionary on pp. 15-16). There are altogether 320 texts in the book under review.

This is the first systematic collection of Ukrainian Canadian folklore. Its value lies primarily in the recording of material which is slowly dying out among the Ukrainian Canadian oldtimers. In book form it will be preserved for future generations and will be a documentary source for the future investigations of the life and work of the first Canadian settlers of Ukrainian extraction in the Canadian "Midwest." The note on the title page that this is the first volume indicates that the author fortunately intends to continue his work and publish further volumes.

St. Andrews College
Winnipeg, Manitoba

K. Antonovych

Traditions de la Paroisse des Avoyelles en Louisiane. Corinne L. Saucier. (Philadelphia: American Folklore Society, *Memoirs of the American Folklore Society*, Volume 47, 1956.) 162 pp. \$3.50 cloth or \$2.50 paperbound.

This little volume of some 150 pages is divided into two chapters: 1) *Les Moeurs* and 2) *Les Traditions orales*. The first chapter, dealing with customs, discusses festivals, stages of life from the cradle to the grave, and trades and industries. Under festivals there is given little more than an itemization of the ceremonies of the liturgical year as found in the average Roman Catholic community.

The second chapter on oral traditions includes riddles, folk medicine, tales and songs.

The work, besides being introduced by a preface and an *avant-propos*, is followed by a conclusion and a bibliography.

The material, though interesting enough, tries to cover too much and thereby fails to give the real meat and substance of folklore. Chapter I contains 121 pages of the whole 158. It might well have been condensed for an introduction, and the second chapter could have been more comprehensive. In dealing with customs there is much irrelevant material about such topics as graduation and the like, which are the usual events in any community in the United States.

Of the few short tales presented, the first, for instance, "Geneviève de Brabant," is not a Louisiana tale. The legendary heroine of this story, which inspired even such modern writers as Proust, seems drawn from a literary rendition of a learned informant. In some twenty years of collecting Louisiana French folktales, the reviewer has not heard this tale even once.

Of the several songs given, only the first, "*Le Papier d'épingles*," can qualify as a folksong, and it has already been fully recorded and this presentation adds nothing new.

While the bibliography is full enough, the author fails to give adequate footnoting along with the text of the work. On such characters as *Jean Sot*, which the author presents in a short tale or so, much research and spade work has already been done in Louisiana. Failure to mention this is no slight omission in such a work.

Lastly the reviewer feels that the contribution would have been more readable and understandable if it had simply been rendered in English. The style and French usage are, to say the least, "un peu sec."

Warren Easton High School
New Orleans, Louisiana

Calvin Claudel

Tarheel Talk. By Norman E. Eliason. (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1956.) Pp. x + 324, \$5.00.

Tarheel Talk is based on the manuscript material of the Southern Historical Collection at the University of North Carolina. As the name implies, it is limited to North Carolina. It deals with the usage in that state from the time of its settlement in the seventeenth century to the year 1860—the usage found in letters, diaries, journals, account books, and similar documents written by North Carolinians

themselves from different segments of society, including plantation owners, overseers, slaves, students, professors, lawyers, politicians, storekeepers, blacksmiths, fishermen, goldminers, housewives, and children, some having little or no formal education and others being well educated.

In the first chapter Professor Eliason gives a short historical and linguistic background of the state, pointing out that aside from a few French Huguenots and a few Scotch Highlanders all the first settlers were English, some educated and some not, from many walks of life and from various parts of England. During the first century there were only about 100,000 inhabitants scattered over the eastern half of the state. From 1760 to 1790, the population quadrupled and by 1860 there were nearly a million people throughout the state. The western half, unlike the eastern, was largely settled by immigrants, originally Scotch-Irish and German, who had come southward from Pennsylvania with the Midland dialect that was beginning to form in that region. As a result there is a difference between the speech forms of eastern and western North Carolina. However, despite the immigrants, primarily the Germans and the Negroes, of whom there were 300,000 by 1860, the language remained basically English aside from the vocabulary where a limited number of loan words were adopted. By 1860 the speech patterns of the state were fairly well established and they were as English as they had been in 1660. In the western part of the state certain terms were characteristic, such as *milk gap*, *poke* (paper bag), *sugar orchard*, and *whinney*, whereas in the eastern part, characteristic terms were *haslet*, *lightwood*, *piazza*, and *whicker*. Some that were common to both sections were *fire dogs* (andirons), *light bread*, *middlings*, *right smart*, and *you-all*.

Since public education came late in the South (the public-school law in North Carolina was not passed until 1839), the difference between cultivated and folk speech is probably greater than in other parts of the country. On the other hand, educated Southerners often employ expressions that are characteristic of folk usage elsewhere. These are rarely actual borrowings from the folk, but are rather traditional usages, acceptable and even fashionable at an earlier period. The upper class in the South was not so deeply impressed by grammatical or lexical authorities as to outlaw all its traditional modes of speech. Nor did the aristocrats feel it necessary to debase their customary usage to appeal in some way to the level of an intellectual inferior. They talked and wrote naturally, employing what was characteristic of educated usage. True upper-class usage of the

eighteenth and early nineteenth century was unstudied. It was the middle class primarily that followed authoritative prescription.

Professor Eliason, however, drew more freely from sources of the less educated, from letters of slaves, for example, than from letters of their owners, for it is from sources produced by those who are not capable of writing correctly that one can learn most about the speech which was actually current and about the changes that were taking place in it. One can get some knowledge of the language of the past from examining folk usages since they are, for the most part, not corruptions of standard English but are traditional forms which have remained in the language after they are no longer generally current elsewhere. It is for that reason he concerned himself with material before 1860, for by that date folk speech was beginning to disappear and out of the original haphazard dialectal diversity fairly clear dialectal patterning was emerging. The people had not been aware of the earlier dialectal differences. In the schools also stress was laid on spelling and handwriting, whereas grammar and pronunciation were neglected. As a result many changes went on without interruption. Thus the language of North Carolina is quite different today from what it was three centuries earlier.

In the letters written especially from 1830 on, the author noted colloquial expressions like the following: *most ever since, right well, sure enough, I like to have forgot, it liked to have killed him, from you or papa one* (one or the other). Scattered throughout the writings he also found a limited number of figures of speech, of proverbial expressions, among them: "When it rains my dishes is always Bottom upwards"; "Busy as a Bee in a tar barrel"; "Gordon is buzzing about like a Bumble-bee in a broken lantern"; "A clever fellow but no kin to Solomon"; ". . . as far excels . . . as 'Sugar does Saltpeter'"; ". . . with the tenacity of a bug on a pitch platter"; "James . . . was as fat as a cobbet pig, as the boys here say"; "I am as fat as a buck"; ". . . as happy as a pig in paradise"; "She would be as happy as a dead pig in the sunshine"; "Sheets ironed so slick that a chinch would have no chance to keep foot holt on them"; "Should they conclude you were a pigeon no longer worth the plucking there are many of them who would willingly send you to Hell to pump thunder at 3 cts. a clap." These show the creative mind of the folk, making use of their imaginations and what they knew of their environment.

Under "Vocabulary," Professor Eliason discusses words that originated in North Carolina, like *scuppernong* and *buncombe*. *Scup-*

perlong, a kind of grape imported from France, was given its name because it was common along the Scuppernon River. The word *buncombe*, named for a county in the western part of the state, has come to mean "anything said or done for mere show"; "nonsense." At one time the representative from that county made a speech before the House stating that his remarks were not intended for the House, but for Buncombe; that is, they were being made only to please his constituents and just for the record. It is easy to see, therefore, how *buncombe* acquired its present meaning. In this same chapter the author discusses Americanisms; obsolete, slang, and local terms; neologisms; terms of endearment, family relationship, and titles; names; and forbidden words and euphemisms.

Following these discussions is an excellent chapter on pronunciation based primarily on phonetic spellings like *bile* for *boil*, *chimbley* for *chimney*, *weat* for *wheat*, *drean* for *drain* and on inverse spellings like *forks* for *folks*, *point* for *pint*, and *polk* for *pork*. Many variants and their history are treated as well as other questions such as the loss of letters as *h* in *humor* and *humble*, or *l* in *calm* and *talk*.

In the chapter on grammar the author gives most attention to the usages that differ from those that are prescribed in the normative school grammars as correct, as, for example, the common uninflected plural after numerals (19 *stack* of oats; it will take us thirty five *day*); or the plural forms like *news* (there *are* no *news* to tell) and *small pox* (. . . two negroes took them); or the use of forms like *might could*, *mought*, *blowed*, and *growed*.

At the end of the book are a useful word index and two appendices. One lists alphabetically some five hundred words, the usages of which are in some way significant, with specific information added as to date, author, place, and location in the Southern Historical Collection. The other lists 765 significant spellings for 440 words, dated and localized by county.

In this pioneer study of the language of one state Professor Eliason has been able in addition to throwing light on the particular speech to give the reader a good idea of American English as well as of the English language in general. Both the specialist in language and the nonspecialist will find this book of interest.

Brooklyn College
Brooklyn, New York

Margaret M. Bryant

FOLKSONGS

Acadian Folk Songs. By Irène Thérèse Whitfield. (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1955.) Pp. 58. \$1.00.

It is disappointing to realize that this sheaf of Louisiana folk songs—valuable as it is—consists of only a part of the repertory of *Louisiana French Folk Songs* (159 pp.) published by the same author as a university thesis under the same auspices in 1939. Yet the field is far from having yielded its complete resources, and we are not satisfied with the materials already at hand for the fullness of our comparative studies of French folk songs on this continent. Since the folklore pioneer Alcée Fortier sampled the traditions of his people in the late 1880's, several other scholars have taken a hand at the explorations of this fertile bayou 'terroir.' And if Irène Thérèse Whitfield's work was the best at the date of its publication as a university thesis, it has been followed since by other contributions to the same subject, unfortunately not by the same author as was to be hoped, but by those of other students, in particular Corinne Saucier and Elizabeth Brandon. Brandon's thesis (for Université Laval, Quebec, 1955), still unpublished, is by far larger and more important.

If we are deeply interested in Louisiana French folk songs, the Acadians' especially, it is not only because of their own selves but of their significance when compared with those of Acadia proper, of French Canada, and of the source materials in old France. At a glance I can see that in proportion a greater part of the Louisiana repertory is locally composed; this is also true, to a lesser extent, of the Acadian songs of Canada, whereas in French Canada only one out of twenty is what one may call indigenous. Numerous items belonging to the three "terroirs" assume a new importance when compared, because of their age: most of them must have come to the New World with the early settlers nearly three hundred years ago. And their form and contents are valuable in the reconstruction of the original patterns (*textes moyens ou critiques*).

To repeat myself in brief—I reviewed Whitfield's thesis for a folklore periodical in 1941—I may say that her monograph included then the largest number of Louisiana songs with melodies so far published and gives a vivid insight into the backgrounds of folk-singing in her country. Much should have been expected from her continued studies, but to our regret, her promising initiative did not develop any further in a field that was her own to exploit. The Louisiana songs as presented by Irène Thérèse Whitfield are as a whole the candid self-expression of a people in direct relation to its lowlands, mixed races, poverty, joviality and facile attitude towards life in a country to which they are profoundly attached.

As the majority of the songs seem to have been composed in the last century or so, by an illiterate yet cultured and musical people, they reveal a decided lack of craftsmanship in traditional prosody, and almost no trace of modal conservatism in melodic form. In this their repertory differs from that of the French Canadians. These northern American French remained truly conservative until modern times ruined their traditions; their songs are formal, admirably preserved, and they are the best keepers of the compositions of old *jongleur* France anywhere; a majority of their songs are modal; they may provide to modern composers a vast store of beautiful, some of them intricate, melodies and rhythms. The songs of Louisiana, on the other hand, are simple, modern, and almost monotonously in C major, although there are interesting exceptions.

Nearly all the truly Cajun or Acadian songs were composed by the Louisiana settlers but for two or three: "Un carrosse . . .," "A la coulée . . ."—this last, in Gaspé, Quebec, begins with the words "Aux Illinois, luy a trois jolies filles"; and probably "La dépouille . . ." These songs, as Miss Whitfield aptly reports, were like Topsy: "I grewed. Don't think nobody never made me." Yet the "Valse de la Grand' Chenier" was apparently "written by two bougues (bougres)," by no means a self-glorifying name.

It would be interesting to discuss the origin of some of the songs in the French group, in particular that of "Dans le village . . ." or "La morte d'amour," which is a variant of the well-known "Butcher Boy," also transferred into French on the Lower St. Lawrence; and "Charmant Billie," which is an adaptation of "Billie Boy." A few of the French songs were obviously derived from printed sources, like "C'est aujourd'hui la fête printannière."

While the musical script is everywhere intelligible, it unnecessarily makes the reading a bit difficult and blurs first impressions. Nearly half of the melodies are written in part under the stave, as low as G or F. A large number are transcribed into 3/4, which should be in 6/8, giving the songs an undue appearance of modernism or waltz-time rhythm; in the old folk-songs of France 3/4 is mostly absent. The measures are, as often as not, barred at the wrong place. The bar, to have a function in writing, is meant to mark the accents or strong beats; and the beats in French correspond to the accent for the rime assonance, or to the accented syllable of the *cæsura*. And allowances for irregularities or mistakes should be made at times for the idiosyncrasies of the folk-singers.

Victoria Museum
Ottawa, Ontario

Marius Barbeau

AMERICAN INDIAN LORE

Beautyway, A Navaho Ceremonial. Myth recorded and translated by Fr. Berard Haile, variant recorded by Maud Oakes, sandpaintings recorded by Laura A. Armer, Franc J. Newcomb and Maud Oakes, edited with commentaries by Leland C. Wyman. (New York: Pantheon, 1957.) Pp. xii + 218, 7 figs., XVI plates.

This volume, beautifully produced by Pantheon Books for the Bollingen Series, is a notable contribution to Navaho studies and to the fields of mythology and comparative religion as well. The myth follows the pattern of adventure, instruction by the Holy People and return, usual in origin stories of Navaho ceremonials. Beginning with the Pueblo War, which identifies the point from which the Beautyway and Mountainway legends "branch off" from the basic body of Navaho myth, we follow the adventures of the two sisters stolen by Bear Man and Snake Man. After unavailing flight, the younger sister finds herself among the snake people, is there instructed in the Beautyway ceremonial, brings this knowledge back to her family (and the Navahos), and then leaves this world to live among the supernaturals.

The value of this presentation of a myth is greatly enhanced by the superb introduction and commentary by Leland C. Wyman. After an introduction to Navaho life and religion in which the complex interrelations of the various legends and the many ceremonials is made understandable in a way that is rare in works on Navaho religion, he gives a thorough analysis of this myth and the variants so far available. The shorter version recorded by Maud Oakes is in this volume; the others have been published elsewhere. In Fr. Berard's version (of which the Navaho text is included in an 83-page supplementary booklet) many aspects of the ceremonial itself are described and the texts of a good number of the accompanying songs are given.

The disconnected quality of the song texts reminds this reviewer strongly of those in Western Apache ceremonial music:

"There is a peak thunder peal, earth . . . Turtle stubby rainbow sound of thunder.

Sky Mountain Lion long rainbow thunder sound.

Badger badger tail lightning struck near thunder sound." (p. 64, meaningless syllables omitted)

The close relation of this myth to Eastern Apache ritual and story is brought out by the editor in numerous references and by the inclusion of a translation by Fr. Berard of a very brief but similar story of abduction, from the Jicarilla Apache Holiness Rite.

The twenty-three Beautyway sandpaintings, reproduced in seven black and white figures and in color in sixteen silk screen plates, are of real intrinsic esthetic interest, but again it is the measure of the book that they do not stand alone but are given the full benefit of Wyman's editorial treatment. There is excellent general discussion of Navaho sandpainting, a complete run-down of all the known sandpaintings, authentic or questionable, related to Beautyway, and a comprehensive discussion, in general and specific terms, of the symbolism in these works of religious art.

Sedona, Arizona

David P. McAllester

American Indian and White Relations to 1830. An essay by William Fenton and a bibliography by L. H. Butterfield, Wilcomb E. Washburn, and William N. Fenton. (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1957). x + 138 pp., with Index. \$3.00.

American Indian and White Relations to 1830 begins with a 25-page paper read by William N. Fenton on February 19, 1953, at the Conference on Early American Indian and White Relations. This Conference, part of the Institute of Early American History and Culture held at Williamsburg, Virginia, was designed to encourage a closer interrelationship between historical and ethnological methodology. Fenton's essay advocates the development of a field of study to be known as ethnohistory in which the skills of the documentary historian and historiographer will be combined with those of the archaeologist, the linguist, and the ethnologist. Accompanying the paper and providing the bulk of the book is an extensive bibliography based on note cards Fenton had compiled on Indian ethnology plus supplemental selections by Lyman Butterfield, one-time Director of the Institute, and Wilcomb E. Washburn, Research Associates at the Institute. The resulting volume is a handy reference guide for anthropologists and Indian historians alike, and serves as a model bibliography for other ethnic areas into which the historians are wont to probe.

As a bibliography, *American Indian and White Relations to 1830* does not attempt complete coverage of its announced field. However, it is a pretty thorough guide, with convenient arbitrary divisions of subject matter: Reference and Bibliographical Aids, Ethnological Literature, Historical Literature, Serials, Manuscript Sources, Documentary Publications, and Special Topics (Literature, Captivities, etc.) From time to time, material that the authors simply feel will be helpful has been included. Thus, there are references to South Sea Island

studies, to standard anthropological studies, and to books Fenton mentions or quotes from in his paper. This book will find its way into most libraries and onto a diversity of desks.

Denison University
Granville, Ohio

Tristram P. Coffin

Music of Acoma, Isleta, Cochit and Zuni Pueblos. By Frances Densmore (Smithsonian Institution Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 165, 1957.) xii plus 115 pp., 82 musical examples, 6 plates. \$1.00.

A posthumous publication on the great Pueblo musical art by Frances Densmore is bound to arouse eager expectations. This indefatigable field worker, collector and writer has for over fifty years produced a respectable list of monographs and articles on American Indian music. She has at times been criticized for her analyses by younger scholars, but she has aroused universal respect for her achievements and for the preservation of music partly now extinct. A monograph on the Pueblo Indians and a comparison with the previously studied tribes would be a fitting climax.¹

The foreword gives the reason for the choice of Pueblos, though no reason for the rather ungeographical order. The songs were recorded between 1928 and 1940. Dr. M. W. Stirling achieved the near-miracle of obtaining Acoma songs from tribal members visiting Washington, D.C. in 1928. Miss Densmore recorded the remaining songs at the Wisconsin Dells from Pueblo performers. She interviewed a number of informants without setting foot in any of the Pueblos.

It is always difficult to obtain a coherent picture of a musical culture from a distance. The monograph testifies to this difficulty. Perhaps it is surprising that the author obtained as many details as she did, fragmentary though they may be: notes on Acoma Flower Dance songs and dance (pp. 35 ff.) and Isleta Hunci songs with comparisons to Winnebago and Menomoni analogues (p. 75). Of special interest to the reviewer are such comparisons,² as also the various Corn, Comanche and Buffalo Dance songs, some similar to, some different from the Kurath collections of 1957. But the motivation is little understood, because of scant ethnological research. The lack of personal contact is not mitigated by secondary studies, as shown in the bibliography of mostly Densmore monographs. This has led to misstatements, as "The Buffalo Dance is still given at Cochiti Pueblo, but its significance is gone" (p. 83). Perhaps it was gone at the Wisconsin Dells.

The superficial or nonexistent dance observations not only leave gaps in an art intensely entwined with dance movement. They have even resulted in misunderstanding of the musical structure, especially in the case of the Buffalo songs (pp. 84-87), and they have turned the notations of metric and rhythmic change into mechanical exercises. However, it would be unreasonable to expect choreographic analyses.

Musical transcription and analysis are Miss Densmore's specialties and the true bases for judgment. The transcriptions seem painstaking. But they are presented in cumbersome manner, sometimes with key signatures of five sharps or flats and in metric signatures derived from "Western" musical style. They fail to take advantage of symbols now in use, as dots for pulsations and signs for tentative metric divisions. The important item of percussion accompaniment is often slighted or absent. The equally important aspect of texts is reduced to occasional translations, some of which look reliable.

As to the musical analyses, these fall short of the author's early meticulousness and have gained nothing in novelty. A few tabulations superficially compare several melodic characteristics in the manner of her earliest publications. New methods of tonal, rhythmic and structural analysis are ignored. Comparisons with the music of other tribes lead nowhere.

The author has thus played the hermit towards a musicological world seething with new approaches, towards a rich anthropological literature, and towards the singers' home base. She would have done herself a greater service by publishing these valuable collections as separate articles. Under one cover the miscellany arouses false hopes and provides an anticlimax to a distinguished career.

Ann Arbor, Michigan

Gertrude P. Kurath

NOTES

¹ A manuscript on Winnebago music is awaiting publication and will then be the actual finale.

² For instance, the Huncí dance seems to be the same as the Tewa Pan-share.

FOLKLORE INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

FULL-TIME FACULTY

- KATHARINE LUOMALA, Professor of Anthropology, University of Hawaii, Visiting Professor of Folklore
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- W. EDSON RICHMOND, Associate Professor of English, Indiana University; editor *Midwest Folklore*
- WARREN E. ROBERTS, Assistant Professor of English, Indiana University; associate editor *Journal of American Folklore* and *Midwest Folklore*
- RICHARD M. DORSON, Professor of History and Folklore, Indiana University, Director of the Institute; editor-elect *Journal of American Folklore*

VISITING LECTURERS

- JOHN BALL, Miami University: jazz, form and style in folk tales.
- ERNEST W. BAUGHMAN, University of New Mexico: compiler of the Anglo-American folk-tale index.
- AUSTIN AND ALTA FIFE, Occidental College: authors of *Saints of Sage and Saddle*; Mormon folklore, cowboy songs.
- CHARLES G. HAYWOOD, Queens College: author of *A Bibliography of North American Folklore and Folksong*; teacher and singer of folk music.
- MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS, Northwestern University, past president American Folklore Society: author of many studies on Negro cultures and folklore in Africa and the New World.
- DANIEL G. HOFFMAN, Swarthmore College: author of *Paul Bunyan, Last of the Frontier Demigods*; relations of folklore to literature.
- THELMA JAMES, Wayne State University, past president American Folklore Society: nationality folklore in Detroit.
- R. D. JAMESON, New Mexico Highlands University, review editor *Western Folklore*: Chinese folklore.
- WILLIAM H. JANSEN, University of Kentucky, former Fulbright fellow to Turkey: folklore in relation to other disciplines.
- AILI KOLEHMAINEN JOHNSON, Piedmont, California: archivist of the Indiana University Folklore Archives, translator of the *Kalevala*, collector of Finnish-American folklore.

- LOUIS C. JONES, director New York State Historical Association and Farmer's Museum, Cooperstown: past editor *New York Folklore Quarterly*; folk museums and folk art in America.
- EDWIN C. KIRKLAND, University of Florida, former State Department appointee in India: managing editor *Southern Folklore Quarterly*; Southern folk songs.
- SHIGEO KISHIBE, University of Tokyo, Fulbright lecturer at Harvard: Japanese music.
- GEORGE KORSON, Washington, D.C., president Pennsylvania Folklore Society: collector and author of coal mining lore, editor *Pennsylvania Songs and Legends*.
- JULIAN KRZYZANOWSKI, University of Warsaw, Visiting Professor of Slavic, Columbia University: folklore studies in Poland.
- LUC LACOURCIERE, Laval University, Quebec, Canada: editor *Les Archives de Folklore*; director of the Folklore Program at Laval University.
- VANCE RANDOLPH, Eureka, Arkansas: collector and author of many volumes on Ozark folklore.
- CHARLES SEEGER, Research Associate, University of California at Los Angeles: American folk music and musical instruments.
- WILLIAM E. SIMEONE, Southern Illinois University, former Fulbright fellow to Italy: Robin Hood legends and ballads.
- STITH THOMPSON, Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus of English and Folklore, Indiana University: author of *The Motif-Index of Folk-Literature*.
- D. K. WILGUS, Western Kentucky State College, editor *Kentucky Folklore Record*: hillbilly songs, Anglo-American ballad scholarship.

PLAN OF THE INSTITUTE

The Institute runs throughout the entire summer session. Courses are designed for beginners in folklore studies, for experienced collectors who wish to learn more about techniques, and for folklore scholars who desire to consult about their work. All classes meet in the Folklore Library seminar room, and attendants at the Institute usually participate in most of the courses as students or auditors. Besides the formal lecturing in the classroom, the Institute makes possible free exchange of ideas and shop talk in between times, and gives students an opportunity to meet a number of active and eminent folklorists.